

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LVI.—No. 1453.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, 1924.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.  
REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



*Elliott and Fry.*

MR. BALDWIN.

63, Baker Street, W.

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: GERRARD 2748.

Advertisements: 6-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: REGENT 780.

## CONTENTS

|   | PAGE  |
|---|-------|
| Our Frontispiece: Mr. Baldwin .. .. .   | 695   |
| Mr. Baldwin's Opportunity. (Leader) .. .. .   | 696   |
| Country Notes .. .. .   | 697   |
| The Silver Hair, by V. H. Friedlaender .. .. .  | 697   |
| Ancestors, by Frances Cornford .. .. .  | 698   |
| Goldfinches in Kensington. (Illustrated) .. .. .  | 699   |
| The Silver Plate of the Duke of Cumberland.—II, by H. Aray .. .. .  | 701   |
| Tipping. (Illustrated) .. .. .  | 703   |
| "Sweet and Lovely Company," by Constance Holme .. .. .  | 703   |
| The Wessex Saddleback Pig, by the President of the Wessex Saddleback Pig Society. (Illustrated) .. .. .   | 705   |
| An Artist's Haunt on the South Coast, by Margaret Dobson, (Illustrated) .. .. .   | 708   |
| The Fishing Cormorant, by Dr. Francis Ward. (Illustrated) .. .. .   | 710   |
| Agricultural Notes .. .. .  | 712   |
| The New Course at Knole, by Bernard Darwin .. .. .  | 713   |
| Country Home: St. Michael's Mount.—II, by Christopher Hussey. (Illustrated) .. .. .   | 714   |
| The Cult of the Lily, by H. W. Canning-Wright. (Illustrated) .. .. .  | 720   |
| The "Country Life" Architects' Competition. (Illustrated) .. .. .   | 722   |
| The Story of Twelve Pointer's Cambridgeshire. (Illustrated) .. .. .   | 723   |
| The New Zealander's First International, by Leonard R. Tossell .. .. .  | 724   |
| Reins, by Lieutenant-Colonel M. F. McTaggart, D.S.O. (Illustrated) .. .. .  | 725   |
| Correspondence .. .. .  | 727   |
| Protection of Rare British Mammals (H. W. Robinson); A Cheshire Cheese Farm in 1720 (Charles Rowed); The Palmers of Dorney Court (Hester Eiloart); A Cat's Dilemma; Bridle Paths (H. S. Colt); The Glory that was Kersey (F. A. Girling); Jumping to Lay Eggs; A Disaster on Derg (Dr. Francis Hayes); A Country Occupation; A White Starling (Clifford W. Greston); The Melbourne Art Gallery. .. .. . | 729   |
| The South African Riviera.—I: The Cape Peninsula, by Violet Markham. (Illustrated) .. .. .  | 731   |
| Shooting Notes, by Max Baker .. .. .  | 732   |
| The Estate Market .. .. .   | 732   |
| Needlework Chair-Coverings and Turkey Work, by M. Jourdain. (Illustrated) .. .. .   | 733   |
| Egyptian Antiquities and English Furniture, by J. de Serre. (Illus.) .. .. .  | 735   |
| Musical Notes. (Illustrated) .. .. .  | 736   |
| Some Recent Gramophone Records .. .. .  | 736   |
| The Automobile World. .. .. .   | liv.  |
| Evolution of the Little Frock. (Illustrated) .. .. .  | lx.   |
| On Drivers Topics. (Illustrated) .. .. .  | lxii. |

## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs and sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return, if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

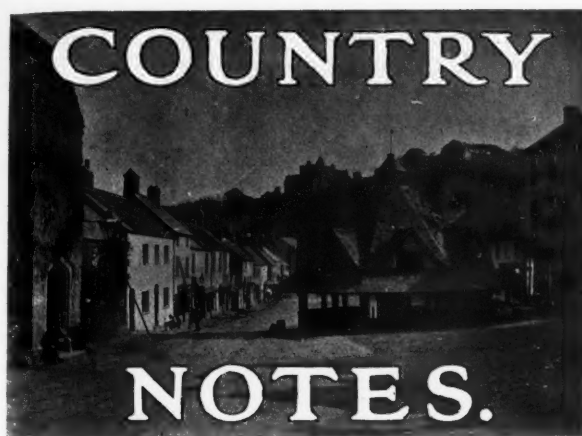
## MR. BALDWIN'S OPPORTUNITY

OPPORTUNITY was said by the Ancients to wait on every man born, in the shape of a Great White Horse which, if not mounted, did not return. Such a chance has been afforded Mr. Baldwin by the result of the General Election. It was an event of secular importance. No nation has ever returned an equally emphatic answer to the question whether it desires to be led by the wisdom of experience or the foolishness of experiment. Those who know Mr. Baldwin are under no apprehension of his wasting time in useless exultation, or that he will seek to embitter party feelings. His views are too large for that, and he is well aware of the difficulties and dangers through which the ship of State has to be steered. He may be trusted to try and earn the support of those who realise what rocks lie ahead. At any rate, no doubt has been cast on his sincerity, and the gospel steadily preached by him is one of friendly conference between parties whose differences in regard to method do not prevent them from agreeing with one another on aims and essentials.

A brief survey of the questions to be settled may help towards their solution. The first is that of healing any soreness that tends to prevent the constituent parts of the Empire from working harmoniously towards its consolidation. It is a common boast that the Empire might be self-supporting. To make it more than a boast, a *fait accompli*, is as much an interest to the more distant colonies as to the Mother Country. Let us bring them closer, give opportunities for leaders abroad and at home to confer together, so that each movement towards this great end shall be achieved by cordial agreement. There is no magic by which to accomplish this. It can only be done by patient research into views, interests and objects held severally by each of the parties interested. Many of the difficulties in the way are known, and no one is likely to imagine that here or anywhere there is a primrose path. Faith and good-will can work wonders with those who agree upon essentials.

No less important than establishing the unity of Empire is the bringing into harmony of employer and employed, or, as our Labour men would say, capital and labour. Let there be no mistake about it. Success in this direction is essential to the existence of the British Empire. No intelligent man can possibly fail to grasp the truth of this. War has completely changed the position we used to hold in the world. Owing to a good start, our markets abroad used to flourish amazingly and defied competition. America and Germany alone strove to become our rivals. To regain or re-establish these markets is a task of the utmost importance. It cannot be accomplished unless changes are made and a special effort put forth for the purpose. Labour has already been gravely warned by the closing of many factories, mines and other works in which numbers earned their daily bread that in no foreign country is the cost of production higher than it is now in Great Britain. Steel works and others cannot compete in regard to prices with foreign rivals. The question, then, is how to find a method that will enable us to resume our previous position without putting into operation any such crude device as that of curtailing wages or extending hours of work without the necessity being absolutely plain to those at the bottom of the ladder as it is to those at the top. The only solution likely to be successful is to be found in bringing employers and employed into the closest co-operation. Both may suffer to some extent in the process, but it should not be beyond the power of statesmanship to provide an arrangement that would be agreeable to either party. They must have a joint council composed in equal parts of workers and employers, both being elected by their fellows. Privacy in book-keeping must be abolished as far as these advisers are concerned. The worker must be satisfied that his wages are fair under the conditions of the trade, and the employer must forbear from anything that has the appearance of exploiting him. Moreover, the arrangement must have the authority of the law at its back, so that a compact made cannot be broken except at the peril of those who attempt anything of the kind. Were the two parties in this parliament of labour equal in number, we know that it would not save the situation, because circumstances might, and assuredly would, arise in which one block was utterly opposed to the other. Therefore, an arbitrator must be found, and his selection will be one of great, but not insuperable, difficulty. The plan would be to have him nominated by either of the parties, but not appointed until they were in agreement as to the choice. In this country there are many men of outstanding courage and honesty who could be trusted to do their duty in such a position loyally and faithfully to both parties. If either the workmen or the employers objected to the person nominated, that objection should be in itself enough for the candidate to be dropped. Another and, if necessary, another and another should be brought forward till both parties agreed that here was a man who could be trusted to decide an issue without fear or favour. We are not making this suggestion in any lighthearted forgetfulness of the difficulties of putting it into practice, but, as has been said before, difficulties were made to be overcome, and in this way lies the hope of bringing Capital and Labour into harmony.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



IT is difficult to imagine what will be the feeling of our gardeners when they learn from the striking note printed in this week's *Garden* how extraordinarily well Australian fruit merchants have done at Wembley. For example, Messrs. Burnside and Co., who did the showing and display of apples in the Australian Pavilion, have served over a million customers by means of a staff of 120. Fifteen hundred tons of apples have been sold, and still another fifty-thousand cases have been requisitioned in order to fulfil the orders of visitors to the Exhibition. In consideration of such staggering figures our contemporary makes some very useful remarks. If we are to buy apples from abroad, by all means let us have them from the Colonies. But does the necessity exist? England is a wonderful country for growing this popular fruit. No apples in the world are better than those produced in her orchards, but it is only recently that serious attempts have been made to obtain that improvement, packing and display of the fruit which are essential to a really great trade. The writer adds that a well known fruit grower in Kent has built up a lucrative business in connection with exporting apples to the Argentine, where they are in good demand.

THIS should cause the English fruit-grower to think. Nobody questions the fact that he has considerably improved his position of recent years. In Kent, especially, fruit-growing has benefited to an extraordinary extent by the research work accomplished at East Malling and the lectures which have been given by first-rate authorities at county centres. Moreover, under the influence of the Ministry of Agriculture, which is fully alive to the importance of fruit-growing, much has been done to improve the packing and grading, which are so essential. We are alluding not to the preaching of this doctrine, which has been vigorous and long-continued, but to the practical demonstration that forms a new feature in the education of the British fruit-grower. It is plain that the farmer, if he wishes to succeed, must do more in what he has considered the by-ways of his art. We are perfectly well aware that there are thousands of farms where planting has gone on, and many more thousands where it could go on. We have the best apples in the world, either for dessert or cooking; our moist temperate climate is ideal for orchards, and there never can be an overplus that cannot be disposed of as long as cider remains popular drinking. These are business considerations whose application has turned out well where practical men have applied them. This, however, should be done on a much larger scale, and an endeavour made to secure at least a share of the fruit trade of the world.

THESE reflections on home production will be appreciated by anyone who takes the trouble to read the official market reports of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. In regard to potatoes, about which we had a note in last week's issue, the supplies are good, but the merchants are hanging back as though they expected better prices later on. In regard to English apples, we read that at Birmingham there is a better demand for good quality samples, and prices are higher. At Evesham the apples

on offer continue to be of somewhat poor quality. At Leeds fair supplies of English apples meet a slow trade. At Liverpool good quantities of English apples are in fair request. London, as usual, has the best demand for good quality graded Cox's Orange Pippins. At Wisbech few apples are being marketed and they sell at £18 to £20 per ton. Those who apply the proper key to these figures will recognise the real need of better quality and better grading in our English apples.

AS a footnote to the article on a succeeding page on the goldfinches at the Kensington Bird Sanctuary, visitors to that part of the world are advised to read what Mr. J. Rudge Harding has to say in *The Journal of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds* about other birds observed in the neighbourhood. His point is that the park waters of London are virtually sanctuaries for birds and attract them in the autumn and winter months. During that period pochard, tufted duck, mallard and occasionally wigeon may be found on these waters. They all become as tame as the semi-domestic wild duck, and many will scramble after food thrown by passers-by. The Round Pond in Kensington Gardens attracts many visitors. Here the gadwall first found a London home, and last winter scaup duck put in an appearance. At times a great crested grebe will come to the Serpentine, where two sandpipers are occasionally visible on the spring migration. Herons come to fish at the water's edge not only at night, but, at times, in full daylight, and kingfishers are not uncommon at this season. Mr. Harding has a word to say also for the great reservoirs on the outskirts of London which, though not, technically speaking, sanctuaries, are, in reality, retreats where many visiting birds remain during the winter for weeks together in perfect security: "This year alone, not only ducks like goosander, smew, golden-eye, wigeon, pochard and teal have been seen, but red-necked and Scavonian grebes, in addition to large numbers of commoner great crested grebe."

#### THE SILVER HAIR.

(But the silver hair will remind thee of all this . . . by and by.  
—CALLIMACHUS.)

When I was young and full of pride  
In all I meant before I died  
To hear and see,  
To do and be—  
The sun rose through a green elm tree.

I scarcely saw it. In my bed  
I woke to dreams; my arrogant head  
Soared to such heights  
That dawn's delights  
Were little more to me than nights.

But now, O hearts, lost hearts and true,  
That those remembered dawns are you . . .  
Glad could I be  
Simply to see  
The sun once more through that green tree.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE New Zealanders still go on their way rejoicing and won the first of their International matches on Saturday, when they beat Ireland by six points to nothing. The weather was as odious as it was everywhere else: it cannot have suited the brilliant backs of the New Zealanders, and it was rather in favour of the fierce pell-mell rushes of the Irish forwards, which are traditionally disconcerting to their enemies. However, the New Zealand forwards, who are big enough and strong enough for anything, held their own, and the victory was a well deserved one. Taking a line through this match, England should beat the All Blacks, but too much importance cannot be attributed to a game played in such conditions. Meanwhile, in equally horrible weather, Richmond beat Oxford, and have now beaten both Universities in succession, a feat worthy of their ancient glory. Oxford is a team of all the talents behind the scrummage, where Internationals jostle one another for places; but they are not of much avail without forwards, and the forwards are not yet forthcoming.



THE census returns of South Africa have drawn new attention to an old cause of apprehension. This is the extraordinary increase of natives as compared with the white population. Mr. Cousins, as Director of the Census, has very properly drawn attention to this most important feature. There is no need to set forth the difficulties that will arise if the facts be true that Mr. Cousins has set forth in the clearest possible language. They are, briefly, that the black man within the white territory and on its borders is increasing enormously, while the white population increases very slowly at the best and is liable to frequent setbacks. The difficulty is very hard to solve, because of the labour question. The natives are the suitable workers of the climate. They stand heat better and they live, on the whole, simply and abstemiously, while clothes cost them very little indeed. They can thus exist in comparative comfort on what civilised man would consider absurdly inadequate. The proposal has been made to give the town work to the white labourer and the country work to the black, paying the white man a wage greater than that which contents the coloured; but this is making a distinction that is bound to bring trouble in the end. A better alternative, though it, too, has its drawbacks, is to encourage immigrants with capital who are in a position to develop the capacity of the soil, pay wages and work with their heads and not with their hands. Stated in outline, without for the moment paying much attention to the obvious difficulties in the way of even that solution, it still seems to indicate the road that should be taken. South African possibilities appear the more inexhaustible the more they are exploited, and it is evident here that, as elsewhere, the only policy that has a chance of avoiding trouble in a no distant future is one of conciliation and of justice tempered with mercy.

AS trainer of the King's horses, Mr. Richard Marsh is known far outside racing circles. His retirement, which has just been announced, will be heard of with regret, although it was not unexpected, as the hard work of training demands younger muscle. When King Edward was Prince of Wales he had his horses trained by the late John Porter at Kingsclere, Berkshire; but, in order to visit them freely from Sandringham, he sent them to be trained at Newmarket by Marsh, under whose management the stable turned out some great winners, among them Diamond Jubilee, who performed the great feat of carrying off the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby and St. Leger. He also trained that great horse, Minoru. King George's horses did not do anything particularly brilliant in the first years, but Weathervane last year won the Royal Hunt Cup, to the great joy of the spectators. It was expected this year that London Pride would carry off the Ascot Stakes. The retirement of Marsh followed that of his jockey, "Diamond Jubilee Jones." Both of them were cordially liked by King George, and from him they received many gifts, that now will be happy souvenirs of their service. We hope that they will for many years to come find plenty of enjoyment in what was to them in a very literal sense the sport of kings. Of it both of them have many happy reminiscences.

"WE charge you to take care that thanksgivings are offered for the public work of men and women engaged in disinterested service, no matter of what nature or religion." This was one of the charges made by the Bishop of Liverpool to his clergy and diocese in the "Service of Records" held in the cathedral last Saturday. "A spiritual home for all people, not a mere sight for visitors" was another of the charges which aimed at realising, in this great edifice that the people of Liverpool are raising, the aspiration towards the unity of Christendom. The building embodies this unity to a significant degree. Its architect is a Roman Catholic, while, on the other hand, the great merchant houses and the trades of the city are represented in glass and sculpture. The object of the service was primarily the enshrining in a great chest, which was placed for the purpose on a table in the choir, of newspapers and other records of the consecration of the cathedral, to be preserved for all time. The *Times* and *COUNTRY LIFE* represented London, the *Liverpool Daily Courier*, the *Liverpool Post* and the *Manchester Guardian* the North, and

two Church newspapers the ecclesiastical Press. The ceremony, which was a practical example of "that close touch between Chapter and the movements of this noble city" urged by the Bishop, followed the precedent established at the consecration of Salisbury in the thirteenth century, when King Henry III bade the scribes record the details of the ceremony and gave orders that the documents should be preserved.

THE steel-framed cottages which are being erected at Blackpool and other towns in the North, from designs by Mr. Edgar Dennis, are an interesting experiment in housing, tending to economise in wages instead of materials. Moreover, the experiment is being conducted on a sufficiently large scale for really valuable results to be evolved. The steel frame is fixed to the reinforced concrete floor of the building, and enables the roof to be put on immediately. The advantage of this is that the rest of the work can be done under cover and "wet day" time be thus saved. Only a quarter of the usual number of bricks used in a house of equal size is needed, and thus bricklayers' time is quartered. An exterior shell of concrete slabs is favoured; the interior shell, separated by a moisture-proof space, is of breeze blocks, which can be manufactured on the site, under cover, by unskilled labour. The ceilings are of asbestos sheets, and internal plasterwork is reduced to a "skimming." Thus the work of plasterers and carpenters is greatly lessened. At York, where 300 cottages of this kind have been ordered, the cost worked out at £500 complete per cottage. This is reasonably cheap, and the speed of erection is, no doubt, a point in their favour politically. The drawback of all steel-framed cottages is the great initial cost of the steel framework, which, in most previous experiments, has been unnecessarily massive. Steelwork and concrete construction can only be economically used in a big scheme, owing to the cost of plant and transport of materials.

#### ANCESTORS.

Have I forgotten the country in the north, where my people lived before me?

The stone walls running over green hills; the air as pure as spirits could breathe in Heaven, and much more cold; The cry of curlews like a voice given to the sky; the dark bogs and the stones.

My people before me had brown eyes like the streams, and bodies built to endure the battering wind like walls.

And their forgotten faces, I think, were shy, resolved, and fresh. They lived in stone houses under the black-shadowing sycamores. And they knew, all of them, the rent sky sweeping over the moors on stormy days—like the passion in unspeaking hearts.

But I, in this hot house, breathing the exhausted air, I, of the protected and timorous spirit, I have forgotten that my people come from the north.

FRANCES CORNFORD.

PLEASANT as it would be to see more rooms added to the National Gallery, we must agree with Mr. Lionel Cust in pleading the greater need of the National Portrait Gallery for additional space. Even at the opening, in 1896, of the building, which the nation owes to the generosity of William Alexander, its galleries were full. During the passage of twenty-eight years over 600 additional portraits old and recent, have been acquired, and there is no indication that our country is ceasing to produce memorable figures. The position in the galleries, as Mr. Cust points out, has thus become impossible, almost farcical. Scheme for extension over the old yard of St. George's Barracks have been approved by the trustees, and a piece of land has actually been allotted by the Government. Now, the National Portrait Gallery has a value just as real as the National Gallery, though it may appeal to a different kind of visitor, particularly to those who have "discovered" the romance of history. There are few more fascinating ways of spending an afternoon than to go round the gallery with the admirable biographical guide book, or in the company of an official lecturer. Any extension scheme should aim at establishing communication, by means of a staircase, with the National Gallery.



## GOLDFINCHES IN KENSINGTON

At the little bird sanctuary by the Long Water in Kensington Gardens distinguished visitors, in the shape of two goldfinches, have taken up their abode, temporary or permanent, as the fates decree. They have obviously been attracted by a number of thistles that are now seeding. It has been our business to inveigh against carelessness in allowing the thistle to grow, but circumstances alter cases, and most things in this world may be right at one place or time and wrong at another. No one will question the wisdom of the Board of Works in allowing Nature to grow what she pleases on ground dedicated to wild life. From time immemorial the thistle has been, on the whole, an enemy to agriculture and used to be regarded as a curse by unfortunate farm labourers who, before the invention of modern harvesting apparatus, had to cut, bind, stack and ultimately thrash corn

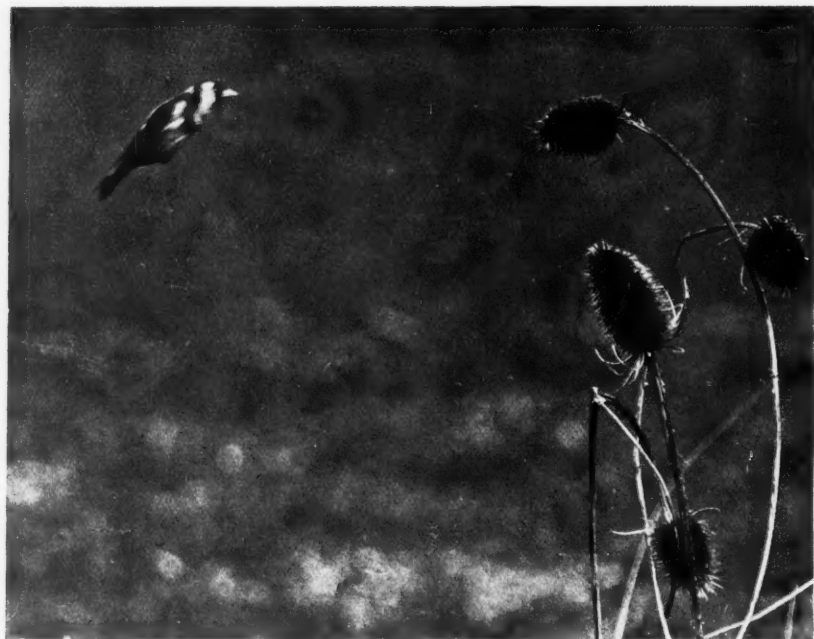
sheaves liberally mixed with this prickly foe. At one time the harvester used to demand as part of his bargain that the farmer should give him two-and-ninepence to buy a stout pair of gloves to protect his hands from the thistles. This was in a part of the North Country where some of the place-names still bear testimony to the exuberance of this weed. Thristly Hill, Thristlyhaugh, Thristlyholm are terms which tell their own story.

Yet it would be an affront to Scotland to use only words of rancour in regard to this plant. National bards, such as the author of "The Thrisel and the Rose," have paid it high compliments. Did not Robbie Burns leave behind him an immortal tribute to the weed?

The rough bur-thistle shedding wide  
Among the bearded bere,  
I turned my weeder clips aside  
And spared the symbol dear.

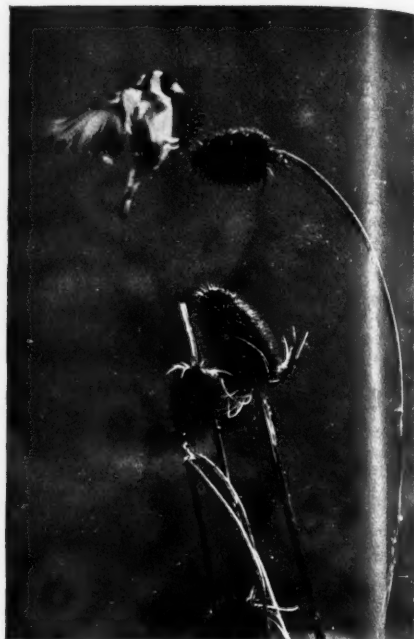


WITH BEAKS FULL OF THISTLE SEED.



IN FLIGHT.

*Near cultivated ground it is better to grow the teasle for goldfinches, as the seed is not scattered by the wind.*



ALIGHTING.

The goldfinch would strongly support the poet, though, it must be admitted, from selfish rather than poetical motives. What oatcake is to the Scot the thistle is to the most exquisite of the finches. It must be remembered that the Scots had reason for what appears an odd choice for a native emblem. When winter feed was scarce, the thistle came in handy for the cattle. A case is recorded of a parson on the south side of the Tweed exacting tithe on a field of thistles!

To return to our goldfinch—he is emphatically a farmer's friend, living, as he does, on the seed of thistles, teasels and other obnoxious weeds. And what has been his reward? To suffer endless martyrdom, though it would not be called by that name. He was pursued with net and snare and birdlime not that his death might be compassed, but that he should be put in a cage so that his song could be heard and his beauty studied at close quarters. In Robert Fergusson's poem to



"THY SHINING GARMENTS FAR OUTSTRIP  
THE CHERRIES RIPE ON HEBE'S LIP."



the "Gowdspink" this is the main theme. A very brief introduction is devoted to showing how interesting and beautiful is the bird; the rest of the poem is a denunciation of those who only want to imprison him in a cage for life. What could be better than his praise?

Thy shining garments far outstrip  
The cherries ripe on Hebe's lip,  
And fool the tints that Nature chose  
To busk and paint the crimson rose.

And what more indignant than its sequel?

In vain thro' woods you sair may ban  
The secret treachery of man  
That wi' your gowden glisten ta'en,  
Still haunts you on the summer plain.  
And traps you 'mang the sudden fa's  
O' winter's dreary dreepin' snaws.

To-day the bird-catcher is scotched but not killed. Birds are nominally protected, but there is more than a suspicion that the bird-catcher continues to follow his nefarious art.

The appearance of the goldfinch in a London bird sanctuary is, however, a proof that whatever may have caused the great diminution in his number about the middle of the nineteenth century, he is surmounting it. For years past they have been seen on the outskirts where town and country meet, and the writer has noted them often in autumn and, indeed, within the last two weeks. Near his house is a complex of lanes where thistles, docks and nettles grow at their own sweet will, and nobody seems to acknowledge responsibility for getting rid of them. About a mile of it is especially attractive to seed-eating birds by reason of the thistles, docks and dandelions that grow in profusion. There on early mornings goldfinches can frequently be seen, and they make a very pretty sight, especially when they are not sitting as those do in the illustration, but hovering over their food and on a windy day catching it as it flies. Especially when the sun illuminates their colours, the sight of half-a-dozen goldfinches hawking at thistledown is as pretty as anything to be seen in nature. P. A. G.

## THE SILVER PLATE OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.—II

BY H. AVRAY TIPPING.

THESE has been a prevalent view that good taste ended with the eighteenth century, and that the produce of the nineteenth is quite negligible. That was evidently the view of Sir C. Jackson as regards silver, for, in his "History of English Plate," after illustrating a very fine soup tureen of 1771 date, he tells us that this fashion went on until "the debasement which marked almost every branch of British art set in, resulting in the production of plate of which very little is to be found worth illustrating." He therefore illustrates no later soup tureen. Yet it must be confessed that those made for members of the Royal Family by Paul Storr in 1807, while altogether different in form and *motif* from that of 1771, are well worth illustrating as being thoughtfully designed and delicately executed examples of the Egypto-classic style that was then having a vogue. Four of these, in pairs of larger and smaller size, are at Windsor, and an exactly similar set is among the Cumberland plate now in Bond Street. They are circular, the bowls of the larger pair are 12½ ins. and of the smaller 10½ ins. in diameter, and they are set on stands 18 ins. and 15 ins. across respectively. The one illustrated (Fig. 2) is of the lesser size. The leading *motif* is the sphinx, winged or Greek, the treatment of which is varied but apt. The handle of the cover represents four snakes with open mouths clutching a ball. The most charming piece of designing and workmanship about the tureens is to be found in the long, narrow panels that occur on the bowls. All are different, but all represent classic figures engaged in sacrificial rites, and all have the reserve and delicacy that Adam introduced in decoration and Flaxman in sculpture. Although a little earlier in date, that striking delicacy is lost in the treatment of a kindred subject in half a dozen wine coolers (Fig. 3), which nevertheless show craftsmanship of high quality. They were made in 1802 and 1806 by John Parker and John Pitts, and are identical with four made in the latter year by William Pitts that were the property of

Messrs. Carrington when Jackson published his "History" in 1911, where he describes them as follows:

The main part of the body is cylindrical, and is ornamented with a series of applied figures in relief, representing a Bacchanalian procession returning from a vineyard. The lower part of the body is enveloped by a calyx of acanthus leaves, and rests on a fluted concave foot with a base encircled by a band of laurel leaves. On the upper part of the

body are a pair of handles formed of rams' heads, supporting a fluted and gadrooned projecting collar which forms the top of the vessel and surrounds its liner; from the lower edge festoons of grapes and vine leaves depend.

This description answers exactly for those bearing the Royal badge, and no doubt made for the Duke of Cumberland, except that the presence and dignity of these are enhanced by being supplied with silver-shaped stands, which bring their height up to 12½ ins. They are silver-gilt, as is also a tall candelabrum (Fig. 1). It was made by D. Smith and R. Sharp in 1805, or three years earlier than Paul Storr made two pairs of the same design for Cumberland's eldest brother, the Prince of Wales, and which are now at Windsor. But 1805 seems by no means the earliest date at which this design for candelabra was first used, for Jackson gives 1791 as the year when one, with identical shaft and branches but a plainer plinth, was made, and he draws from that the conclusion that the Egyptian style had been introduced before Napoleon's 1798 invasion of that country and our subsequent victories there. But those events certainly contributed to the prevalence of the style which did not prevail in architecture and the decorative arts until after the nineteenth century opened and the Royal brothers had their candelabra made. The shaft is a swelling column topped by three female masks and with three pairs of feet protruding from the bottom section, which takes the form of pleated drapery and fringe wrought with the utmost finish. The base on which this semi-human shaft stands is triangular, and the upper part



1.—CANDELABRUM, SILVER GILT, OF SEVEN LIGHTS, IN THE EGYPTIAN STYLE. Makers, D. Smith and R. Sharp; date 1805; height 3 ft. There is a set of four of these at Windsor Castle.

—supported by three winged sphinxes—has lying upon it three sets of Royal arms and supporters with drapery mantling. The six branches in two tiers are shaped as open-mouthed dolphins holding the candle sockets, and above the branches stands the top socket, the whole piece reaching a height of 3ft.

All these examples show extreme elaboration, and yet none of the coarse exuberance and loss of right feeling for form and proportion which, under the Regency, began to deprave our decorative arts. But there are other examples where elaboration was entirely omitted, and simplicity reigns almost as during the days of Queen Anne. Such are a pair of curious and perhaps unique pieces constructed to keep coffee and milk hot, without fear of their boiling, on the water-jacket principle of many a modern cooking pot. What name was given to them

when, as would appear from the engraving on them, they were given to Ernest Augustus by his brothers and sisters, does not appear, but Mr. Crichton, in his catalogue of the collection, calls them :

A pair of picnic sets, each vessel comprising a deep oval tapering body with reeded wire borders and loose domed covers, on oval foot, inside of which is a jug for milk and coffee, the whole on oval plain stand with four legs and lamp. Maker John Emes 1804. Engraved Arms of the Duke of Cumberland, Royal Badge and Cyphers and Coronets of Edward,



2.—SOUP TUREEN, ONE OF A PAIR, IN THE EGYPTIAN STYLE, WITH STANDS, LINERS AND COVERS.

Maker, Paul Storr; date 1807; diameter of bowl 10½ins. (14ins. with handles); stand 15ins. There is a pair exactly similar, but with bowl 12½ins. in diameter, at Windsor Castle.



3.—WINE COOLER, ONE OF SIX, SILVER GILT.

With Bacchanalian procession and hanging grape swags. Makers, John Pitts and John Parker; date 1802 and 1806; height 12½ins.



4.—HEATER AND JUG, ONE OF A PAIR, SILVER GILT.

The jug fits into the oval vessel in which water is kept boiling by the lamp below. Maker, John Emes; date 1804; total height of vessel and stand 13½ins.



5.—VEGETABLE DISH, ONE OF A PAIR, WITH HOT-WATER COMPARTMENT.

Maker, Thomas Robins; date 1801; length, including handles, 15½ins



6.—DESSERT DISH, SILVER GILT.

One of a set of sixteen in four shapes—round, oval, oblong, kidney shaped. Maker, Benjamin Smith; date 1807; length 11½ins.



Adolphus Frederick, Augusta Sophia, Elizabeth, Mary, Sophia and Amelia, brothers and sisters of the Duke of Cumberland.

The illustration (Fig. 4) shows how each jacket vessel is shaped to exactly take one of the jugs, the handles and spouts of which have been kept short on purpose. Water was put into the jacket and kept on the boil. Milk was poured into one and coffee into the other jug. They were then put into, and the lids on to, the jackets, the treatment of which, in their lines, mouldings and reserved details, are quite in the Adam manner. Nor is any great departure from it observable in any of the other three pieces illustrated. The first in date is a vegetable dish (Fig. 5), one of a pair made by Thomas Robins in 1801. The receptacle for vegetables is divided into two, this on to a straight-sided hot-water compartment and has a domed cover topped by a coronet, below which are seen the Royal arms of the duke. The gadroon edge and the leaf scrolls that hold the ring handles are the only other enrichments. These pieces form part of a really immense service of plate, including 168 plates and 72 meat, vegetable, entrée and other dishes acquired by Prince Ernest Augustus during the decade that followed his creation as Duke of Cumberland in 1799 and when he was merely the fifth son of the King with no further expectations, for his elder brothers were still alive and capable of having male issue to inherit the Hanover crown. This shows how large were the allowances



7.—INKSTAND, SILVER GILT, ONE OF A SET OF THREE, IN FORM OF SEAL BOXES.

Maker, Philip Rundell; date 1820; diameter 7 ins.; height 1½ ins.

the lid we find a little central bottle and three pen sockets, the rest of the space being taken up with a flat sponge to wipe the pens on. The one illustrated has the Royal arms chased in relief on the cover, but the others have, in place of this, busts respectively of George IV and William IV, or, rather, of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence, as they were when Philip Rundell made the boxes in 1820. To those who wish to revise their judgment on the character and taste of our early nineteenth century silversmiths this section of the Cumberland plate is of special interest.

and stately the mode of life enjoyed by cadets of the Royal House under George III. *En suite* with the dinner services were those for dessert, and it is interesting to notice that silver gilt dessert dishes were made to follow exactly the same forms that had been adopted by our porcelain makers. They were habitually of four shapes, round, oval, oblong and kidney shaped, and four of each of these were made for the duke by Benjamin Smith in 1807. The illustration of one of kidney shape (Fig. 6) shows them to be plain except for the charming border of ribboned reeds over which lie little groups of vine leaf and fruit. An equally pleasing border is that of oak leaves and acorns on the lids of three flat boxes of the shape and character used for wax seals, but in this case designed for inkpots. On removing

## "SWEET AND LOVELY COMPANY"

*Other People's Fires*, by Isabel Butchart. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 5s. net.)

THERE are certain personalities and their books which have the power to create in our minds a quiet corner and a green shade. To have had the good fortune to encounter them is to be richer for a new retreat. To return to them, if only for a few minutes, is to rest and be thankful. To have known them thoroughly is to be better equipped for life, with a better sense of values, a finer sense of beauty, as well as a greater tolerance and love for striving human nature.

To this "sweet and lovely company" (that most desirable item in St. Thomas à Kempis' compendium of Heaven) belong Isabel Butchart and her book of essays, *Other People's Fires*. It is impossible to separate the two, for in this case, at least, the writer and her work are one and indivisible. The essay is, in many ways, the most personally revealing document to which man ever sets his hand. Even the poet does not reveal himself in quite the same way, for in the real poet it is an outside voice which sings. But the essayist puts himself upon paper almost as truthfully as if he were drawing his own portrait; and of all essayists Isabel Butchart is the most confiding. She gives herself to us in these pages with a trustfulness which is engaging beyond description. It is Isabel whom we love as we read, and through her the characters which she presents, leading them up to us by the hand as a wise and charming child presents its chosen friends.

It is a sweet and lovely company, too, which moves through the book, headed by Dr. Marian Wilson, to whom it is dedicated, and who died on war-service in France. Dr. Wilson was Miss Butchart's special friend, and those who wish to know about her must read for themselves the essay which is her memorial. It is not for me to comment upon it. But there are others of the author's friends in whom we, too, have a share, or demand a share henceforward with that shamelessness which the ill-bred are apt to display upon new acquaintance. Jane Austen, at least, we cannot let her have all to herself, notwithstanding the extraordinary resemblance which exists between them. I could dwell happily upon this resemblance but for the fact that it would swallow up the whole space available for this article. It is enough to say that they have the same aloof but firm touch on life, the same wise and witty view of things, the same interest in women in preference to men. So far, indeed, Isabel, poet and essayist, has not shown us much of the brilliant creative

power of Jane, although the fact that she has creative power of a high order is becoming more and more obvious to those who know her. On the other hand, Isabel is the deeper and tenderer of the two; more religious and more afraid of wounding others with her pen. But in the great family of women writers they are certainly own sisters.

We meet the Brontës, of course—Charlotte in the flesh, so to speak, and Emily only by implication—and Robert and "Ba" Browning and "Ba's" treasured handmaiden, Wilson. Then there is Mrs. Pepys, and "Jane Lister, dear child"; Margaret Baxter, and an enchanting person called Eugénie de Guérin, the last two of whom have been placed on my visiting-list, willy-nilly. I am inclined to think that "Margaret Baxter" is the best thing in the book—or should do so, if I did not at once think of at least a dozen others. But it is *very* good. . . . This story of the famous preacher's young wife, troubled always by the fear of madness, and yet working all her married life for her husband and the things of the Lord—"he for God only; she for God in him"—is deeply touching. She even went to prison with him, taking her best bed—almost equal acts of devotion which every housewife will appreciate! Fortunately Richard Baxter, in spite of his religious absorption, found time to love and admire and mourn her, as his "Breviate" testifies.

But it is not only of people that Miss Butchart writes, making between their charm and her own a heady mixture which keeps us swinging from tears to laughter. She is even able to cast a glamour over dog-stealers and their wives, so that we actually find ourselves envying Mrs. Browning for numbering them (however unwillingly) among her acquaintances! She writes of Bedrooms and Secret Rooms (she is great on rooms, thereby intensifying her likeness to "Jane," who was also an "indoor" person); of Dreams, of Aches and Pains, of Turner's little-known country-house sketches; of Diaries of Old Japan.

The latter, under the title of "Dear Dead Ladies," shimmers and glimmers with kings and princesses and silken and coloured words that lie like jewelled embroideries on the page.

Lady Saemon held the King's sword. She wore a blue-green patternless karaginu and shaded train with floating bands and belt of "floating" thread dyed in dull red. . . . Lady Ben-no-Naishi held the box of the King's seals. Her uchigi was grape-coloured. . . . Her hair-bands were blue-green. . . .

"Grape-coloured. . . ." What a heavenly expression! And "karaginu" and "uchigi"—whatever those may mean.

Beside this description the black and blue and pink of the little Petworth sketches (Turner's water colours at the Tate), delicate and dainty as they are, seem almost prosaic. Nevertheless, "Little Room X" is a most delightful article.

She writes of a proposed food-calendar during the war, to be compiled from books with "meals which in their passionate realism shall, even on paper, hold children from play and old men from the chimney corner . . ."

She writes of psycho-analysis and dreams that :

unfortunately, wearing the white flower of a blameless life by day is no guarantee against sowing wild oats by night, and to be requested to come out into the open, bringing one's sheaves with one, is enough to make the bravest blench.

She writes of a garden :

Slowly colour dies away. The motionless trees seem painted in ink on dark grey paper. One by one the flowers go out as candles do—the dark red roses first. Where they burnt a little while ago are only shadows. The blue flames of the delphiniums grow fainter and die. The yellow flowers burn bravely for a little longer. Lastly, the Mary-lilies, the white phlox and the big moon-daisies glimmer palely and go out.

And at the end there is her poem, "Iona" . . . though that you must read for yourself.

But it is not possible for quotation or criticism to give the charm which runs through the book, the charm of personality, of knowledge, of flexible, whimsical English. Combined with wisdom and maturity of outlook there is always the same child-like sweetness. Miss Butchart is one of those rare spirits whose minds are eternally fresh and young. If she should live to be a hundred, she could never be really old. I have a plan, should I survive her, to steal Jane Lister's epitaph for her tomb : "Isabel Butchart, dear child!"

CONSTANCE HOLME.

*In the Land of Youth*, by James Stephens. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

MR. JAMES STEPHENS is a magician whose wand does not lose its strength as he grows older. Perhaps the secret is that magicians never do grow older. In any case, his new book is well named, for it breathes so much vigour and vividness of living that to read it is an actual tonic. Nobody in it is ever really sick of anything except of love, while dying is apparently merely a matter of being translated to a similar but still lovelier world, where sweet-cheeked women sit waiting to call you their lamb and their little calf, and to feed you with bread and honey. Even the oldest character, Fergne, the physician (though one wonders what they wanted with a physician), was as sprightly a sprig as you could wish to see, for he was still all agog after a whole year's visioning of beautiful women ; whereas it harried young Angus Og, for whose benefit this particular film was released, even nearer to his grave than he had been at the beginning. (As for his mother, she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The chapter describing Boann's reaction from gazing upon so many of her own sex is one of the most delightful in the book.) "The Feast of Samhain," in which it occurs, is, I think, a more enchanting effort than "The Feast of Lughnasa," which forms the second half of the volume, in spite of the loveliness of Etain, who was once wife to a Prince of Faery, and then to an Irish King a thousand years after, only to be snatched back again by the Prince ; and in spite of that wonderfully staged last scene following on the Game of Chess. That last scene certainly makes one hesitate. . . . But there is a delicious charm about "The Feast of Samhain" which, to my mind, at least, gives it first place, even although it is made up of so many different stories that one is apt to lose one's way among them. There is, for instance, the story of Nera's exploit on Samhain or the Night of Faery, and of the hanged man who was too thirsty to die ; the story of Angus Og, which I have mentioned before, and the absurd story of the pigs ; as well as the account of how Queen Maeve took captive the King of the Country of the Dead. But the heart of the epic is Nera's adventure through the door of the hill into the Land of the Young ; a land which suited him so admirably that he could not bring himself to leave it except on a flying visit of warning. Mr. Stephens' airy elimination of the border-lines which separate the worlds is slightly bewildering, but it most enticingly widens our horizons. The glamour of his work lies not only in its beauty and in its humour, but in the fact that, although it reads as if the things he speaks of had happened a thousand years ago, it reads almost equally as if they might be happening to-day. Allegory seems to hide behind it, too—allegory, which now and then peeps shyly out at us and then vanishes into the distance. But the fact that we spend much of our time chasing this and other obscurities does not matter in the least. We can at least be graceful for these pictures of a universe in which romance is the first essential ; in which loveliness, human or natural, is painted in its primal colours ; in which gold does not tarnish, flowers do not fade, and even the Bells of Death summon with silver tongues.

H.

*The Broken Bow*, by L. Allen Harker. (Murray, 7s. 6d.)

IN a world of fiction where novelists may give you any and every sort of surprise, there is a great deal in the certainty that nothing from Mrs. L. Allen Harker's pen could ever possibly offend the finest taste or bring a blush to the most ready cheek. This is praise of a sort to suggest milk and water stupidity, but any such supposition would be utterly unfair. She may display an unshaken belief in the decency of human nature and a marked distaste for dabbling in the slime of life, but the clear waters she prefers are by no means insipid. The story of *The Broken Bow* is very simple, but for three-quarters of the book at least it is told with a cleverness and a sure eye to character which the most sophisticated reader could not but enjoy. The last quarter of the book marks time for a happy ending and seems something of an anti-climax. Mrs. Harker is always extremely successful with older people, and though the delightful Susan, her heroine, is young, she is shown against a setting of elders quite in her happiest vein. Susan's resourceful naughtiness and real straightness are a charming combination and her character from schoolgirl to young woman excellently

consistent. This is a most comfortable book, to be highly recommended to the sort of reader who likes a plain unvarnished tale well constructed of good material.

*Married Life*, by Conal O'Riordan. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

BY some means the three previous "Adam of Dublin" books have, up to the present, eluded me. But they will not do so much longer. For, having tasted the extreme pleasure of *Married Life*, I shall not be happy until I have quadrupled it by reading the volumes that relate to Adam's earlier days. Adam is delightful—talented and modest, sensitive and sympathetic ; the eternal youth, the eternal poet in his outlook on life. And Barbara, his wife, is the ruthless huntress, the eternal egoist, a past-mistress in the art of taking everything and giving nothing. In quite the most modern style, it is the young man who loves not wisely but too well, the young woman who never loves anything but her own interests, and rides away as soon as it suits her. Mr. O'Riordan's insight into matters of the stage, and particularly into the hearts of popular actor-managers, is devastating ; and his bland, ironic, finished style is a continuous joy. He can touch, for instance, in passing, on so trivial an affair as a man holding forth in a railway carriage on the rising price of bricks, and reduce the reader to grateful gurgles of helpless laughter. He can also constrict the heart for terror and pity, as over the catastrophe to Adam's little son. The book closes on that, yet not altogether without a note of hope. And, anyhow, it has left me firmly determined to know more immediately about Stephen Macarthy, who is Adam's attractive guardian, about Mr. Onsm the actor-manager, and his company, about Adam and Adam's earlier lives and loves ; in short, about anything of which the shrewd and moving, the wise and witty Mr. Conal O'Riordan chooses to write.

V. H. F.

*La Belle Pamela*, by Lucy Ellis and Joseph Turquan. (Herbert Jenkins, 25s.)

WHO was the mother of Erasmus ? Charles Reade perchance answered it. But it would take a witch to discover conclusively the parentage of the charming and adored Lady Edward Fitzgerald, progenitor of many well known living people. Her great-granddaughter, Lucy Ellis, assisted by Joseph Turquan, has made a gallant and painstaking volume, *La Belle Pamela*, to prove that her mother was the noted governess of the family of the Duc d'Orleans, Madame de Genlis, and the father the noble Duke. Madame never confessed, and in her memoirs Pamela's origin is wilfully obscured. In the novels of Madame de Genlis the writers, supposing much in them to be autobiographical, have found many clues, the description of her heroine's mental and physical sufferings in concealing the approach of an unwanted child and later the devices to hide affection when the forbidden fruit was manoeuvred into the family circle. Madame de Genlis smuggled the child to England, had her adopted and later reclaimed her when the Duc d'Orleans commissioned an agent to find a little English girl as a companion to his children to whom Madame was governess. It seems almost incredible that a woman in a Court circle should have had two clandestine children, Pamela and Hermine, both reputed in this volume as daughters of the Duc d'Orleans, and that the garrulous chroniclers of the period should only have obscurely suspected the liaison. The wiliness of Madame de Genlis in covering her tracks, smuggling the babies to England, from which they were both later reclaimed, is a marvellous romance. She had a reputation for virtue, she wrote morally, and she was the guide and instructress in a princely family into which her two illegitimate daughters were mysteriously introduced, where they were educated as equals and from which they were married, in the case of Pamela to the fascinating Irishman, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who after a few years of happy marriage, perished in the Irish insurrection of 1798. The impression one gains of Pamela is of sweetness, considerable talent, and very delicate loveliness with large and rather pathetic eyes. Romney painted her, and "La Belle Pamela" in all stages of her career is found in this volume. She has a kind and gracious character, but devoid of the strength and purpose of her reputed mother. The romance unveiled is a triumph of an astute and ambitious woman. Of Pamela's life the woof was woven with sorrow streaked with brilliant threads. She was called on to give up much and forgive much. She died, unintended by her children, after many lonely years in Paris in 1831. Her misfortunes, her wanderings, her weaknesses, did not make her less loved by her family, but fate seemed always to step in and separate them. Light-hearted, charming, unhappy, lacking the solidity of a daughter of England, she was much misrepresented in contemporary opinion. Her memory has been cleared, her parentage almost established by the publication of this life which illuminates a tragic page in the history of France and endeavours to light also the dark and bewildering secrets of two lawless hearts—the Duc d'Orleans who could and did flout laws and morals, and Madame de Genlis whose penchant it was to toady to them. The result was—"La Belle Pamela."

#### SOME BOOKS RECEIVED.

*TIDEMARKS*, by H. M. Tomlinson. (Cassell, 12s. 6d.) The story of "A Journey to the Beaches of the Moluccas and the Forest of Malaya."

*LONDON ALLEYS, BYWAYS AND COURTS*, by Alan Stapleton (The Bodley Head, 15s.). Illustrated by the author ; an attractive volume.

*HOLD HARD! HOUNDS PLEASE!* by Yoi-Over. (Witherby, 10s. 6d.) The author has spent forty years as huntsman and whipper-in.

*MASTERS OF ARCHITECTURE: BENTLEY*, by W. W. Scott-Moncrieff. (Benn, 10s. 6d.)

*FIRST STEPS TO BILLIARDS*, by Willie Smith. (Mills and Boon, 5s.)

#### VERSE.

*SECOND SELECTIONS FROM MODERN POETS*, made by J. C. Squire. (Secker, 6s.)

*THE SOUL OF WIT*, English verse epigrams chosen by George Rostrevor Hamilton. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

#### FICTION.

*SUDDEN WEALTH*, by Henry James Forman. (Cape, 7s. 6d.)

*YOUTH CALLING*, by Beatrice Harraden. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)

*THE DOG OF WANT*, by Lucas Malet. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

*SEDUCERS IN ECUADOR*, by V. Sackville-West. (Hogarth Press, 4s. 6d.)



# THE WESSEX SADDLEBACK PIG

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE WESSEX SADDLEBACK PIG SOCIETY.



IN bygone ages a particular type of pig, healthy, hardy and prolific, was roaming the New Forest, living and thriving upon beech mast and acorns. It earned its own living. Because of the comparative isolation of the Forest, this outdoor pig remained pure, untainted by foreign blood, preserving its type through generation after generation. From this indigenous pig, believed to be the oldest pure breed in the country, the Wessex Saddleback, as we now see it in the show yard and in every county in England and in some districts of Scotland and Wales, is descended. The characteristics of the hardy, grazing animal of centuries have been preserved and improved by modern methods of selection and breeding, and now we believe we have a type of pig which satisfies the requirements of the breeder, the feeder, the curer and the consumer as fully as any breed in this or any other country.

There is reason for our belief. The rapid rise of the Wessex Saddleback Pig Society and the development of its Herd Book read like a romance. Some years ago, when changing conditions were pressing remorselessly upon the Forest and its inhabitants, the continuance of this grand old breed was endangered, and a few public-spirited men determined to form a society for its protection and improvement. Six and a half years ago the Society was formed at Salisbury. To its really remarkable progress we shall presently refer. After the formal establishment of the organisation, the first step was to gather boars and sows of the best type—that is, with the old blood and characteristics unimpaired—into a Herd Book. To that end the Society's inspectors visited various parts of the Forest to select the foundation stock. It was not considered advisable to make conditions with regard to registration of the foundation stock too severe. A standard of excellence could be set up later on. To secure a stock of the genuine old Forest pig was the object aimed at and achieved. The features insisted upon were that the sows and boars admitted into the Herd Book should be of good bacon type—for the Wessex Saddleback is first and foremost a bacon pig—with white forelegs and shoulders, head fairly long, and the face not more than slightly "dished," the ears must be of medium size and forward pitch, a straight underline and absence of jowl, and a good depth of hams, wide loins and thick in the flesh of the belly. Upon this foundation the first Herd Book was established in 1919, with seventy-six boars and 260 sows,

representing about sixty breeders, chiefly residing in the area of the Forest.

Now, it will be asked, what is claimed for the present-day Wessex Saddleback, bred from this parent stock? As already indicated, its chief claim is that of a bacon pig. For a great number of years breeders in this country have largely devoted their skill to producing an animal for the pork trade, with the result that the bacon side of breeding has been to a great extent neglected. The consequence is that we in Great Britain have been dependent to far too large an extent for our bacon upon the overseas trade. We can keep that trade, with the profit and all the employment resulting from improved home production in this country, if we set about the work in the right way. The object in the Wessex Saddleback Pig Society is to produce an animal that will meet in open competition the Danish and Canadian type, and to do it we have adopted as our standard the type of animal that approaches as nearly as possible to the ideal bacon pig as laid down by the highest authorities on bacon in this country. Our aim, in which we are confident we are succeeding, is to produce a healthy, prolific pig with long sides, light in the shoulder, good underline, well filled hams and absence of jowl—in fact, the pig which, when killed, will show a high proportion of lean meat. As far as externals are concerned, readers will be able to judge from the accompanying illustrations of typical Wessex Saddlebacks whether we are succeeding in our endeavour.

In this effort to breed as near to the ideal as is humanly possible, we have to meet the needs of three naturally shrewd critics. In the first place, the individual breeder requires strong, healthy, prolific animals of good growth and correct



ANDERSON LADY MAID AND ANDERSON LADY MARY.

conformation that will help to earn their own living and be able to withstand extremes of cold and heat. The last named consideration is of vital importance, since open air pig breeding is now generally recognised as a great improvement upon the old system of breeding animals cooped up in styes. In suitability to the new style of breeding, the Wessex Saddleback has no superior, if equal. It is, in fact, merely going back to its old conditions of life. Through hundreds of years of outdoor life in the Forest, where grazing is still very extensively carried on, it has a constitution that can scarcely be equalled, and a capacity for earning its own living in the rough that can hardly be realised by those who have had no experience of the breed. As regards prolificacy, the farrowing returns sent in by members, covering a long period, show that the average reared is nine per litter (including first litter elts). Very big litters are not uncommon, but the experienced pig breeder does not



IN THE OPEN.

and were, we believe, the heaviest weight-for-age pigs ever exhibited at the Birmingham Show.

Long before the breed was brought under the influence of a Herd Book the Wessex Saddleback was bred for bacon production, and, since organised effort at improvement through a breed society was undertaken, this desideratum has been kept steadily in view. The bacon curer does not particularly care which breed of pig comes within his pen, but he does need an animal that has the meat in the right place, is light in the bone and offal, has the correct proportion of lean to fat, is free of blubbery fat, and, above all, is healthy. As regards general health, the Wessex Saddleback is second to none. Its long open-air ancestry has given it a magnificent foundation from that point of view. We believe we are correct in saying that tuberculosis in the breed is unknown. With reference to the other points which are of importance in the eyes of the curer, the standard of excellence set up by the Society ensures that they receive attention. These pigs are light in the fore-end, the heavy jowl with which heavy shoulders are usually associated is noticeably absent, they are long and broad on the loin and carry a remarkably high proportion of lean meat. The practical value of the Wessex Saddleback as a bacon pig was demonstrated at the London Dairy Show this year in the competition



COKER INSPIRATION WITH HER LITTER OF TWO-DAY-OLD PIGS.

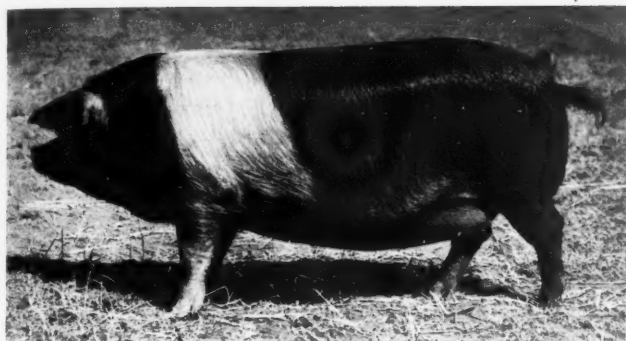
desire abnormal litters. A high average and a steady one is the more desirable, and this the Wessex Saddleback gives.

The feeder's chief requirement is an animal that will convert the food it consumes into meat for the market without loss of time, and provide a carcase such as the curer delights to handle. We have only to point to the big demand for them from the feeding districts to demonstrate the capability of the Wessex Saddleback in meeting these demands. Below will be found a few figures which in themselves prove the rapidly increasing demand for this type of pig, and one of the reasons for its growing popularity is undoubtedly the fact that it comes to maturity very early. If further proof be necessary, we refer inquirers to the records of the Birmingham and Smithfield Fat Stock Shows. At the Birmingham Show in 1922, a pair of Wessex Saddlebacks, seven months, three weeks and five days old, weighed 7cwt. 1qr. 10lb.,

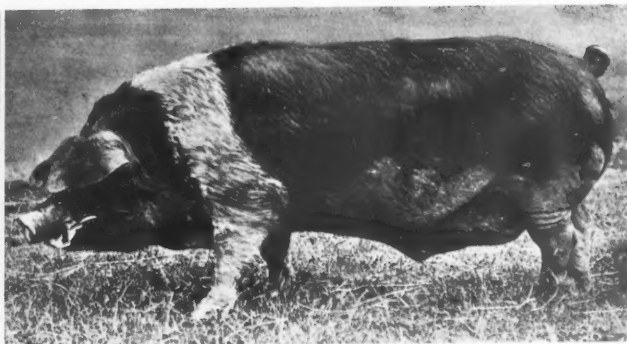


A PIG YARD.

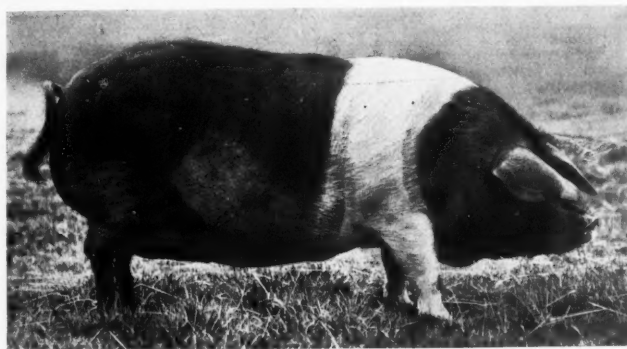




A PROMISING YOUNGSTER.



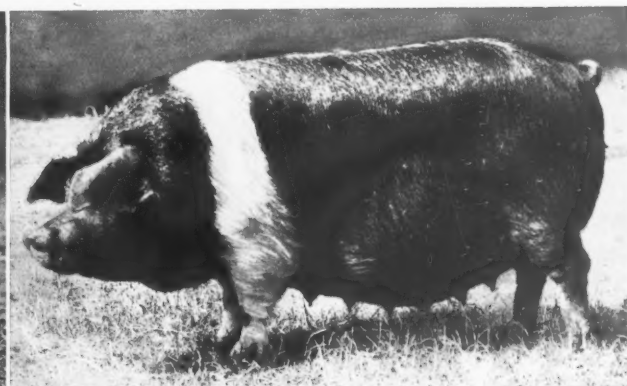
A CELEBRATED BOAR.



ASHE MERCY II AND ASHE PLANT II.



A CHAMPION BOAR.



A CHAMPION SOW.



GILTS.

TYPICAL WESSEX SADDLEBACKS.

for the Whitley Cup for producing the best sides of bacon. The points awarded the Wessex Saddlebacks were as follow :

|  | Possible<br>Marks | Marks<br>Awarded |
|--|-------------------|------------------|
| Correct proportion of "Cuts" or joints, including thickness of streaky .. .. . | 30                | 28               |
| Suitability of "Side," quality of meat, bone, etc. . .                         | 20                | 18               |
| Fat on back, lean meat, proportion of lean to fat ..                           | 30                | 28               |
| Firmness of fat .. .. .  | 15                | 14               |
| Firmness of rind .. .. .   | 5                 | 4                |
|  | 100               | 92               |

And the sides were awarded "Reserve" for the Cup.

Looking back upon the five and a half years' life of the Wessex Saddleback Breed Society, its growth seems phenomenal. Included in the first Herd Book were sixty-six members, chiefly in one part of England. Now we have 560 members distributed over every county in England and in some areas of Scotland and Wales. There were 336 pigs entered in the original Herd Book. In last year's book were 3,800 entries, for this year there have been 2,000 up to date, and more are coming in. For a young society we may claim to be full of vigour and progressing every day. The figures quoted do not include a large number

of people who breed for purely commercial purposes and who do not register themselves with the Society. Not having spent money on propaganda, the Society has been able to accumulate a substantial reserve fund, amounting to £2,500. Periodical sales organised by the Society yield good results. The record price for a single pig remains at £550. Some hundred years ago Wessex Saddlebacks were exported to America, and they are to-day one of the foremost breeds in that continent. The Society which looks after the interests of the "Hampshire Belted Hog," as the Wessex Saddleback is called out there, boasts a membership of 45,000, and has won the grand championship at the Chicago International for four years in succession.

The Society, realising the advantage of pedigree stock to the small-holder, and the fact that in a great many cases membership of a breed society is too great a charge upon such people, has a graduated membership fee, by which cottagers and small-holders occupying under 50 acres of land are accepted as members at half the usual fee. Upon the most democratic basis the organisation has been built up. The Society, its officers and members of the Council are always willing to give advice in regard to the purchase of animals or in any other way to people who may be interested.

## An ARTIST'S HAUNT on the SOUTH COAST

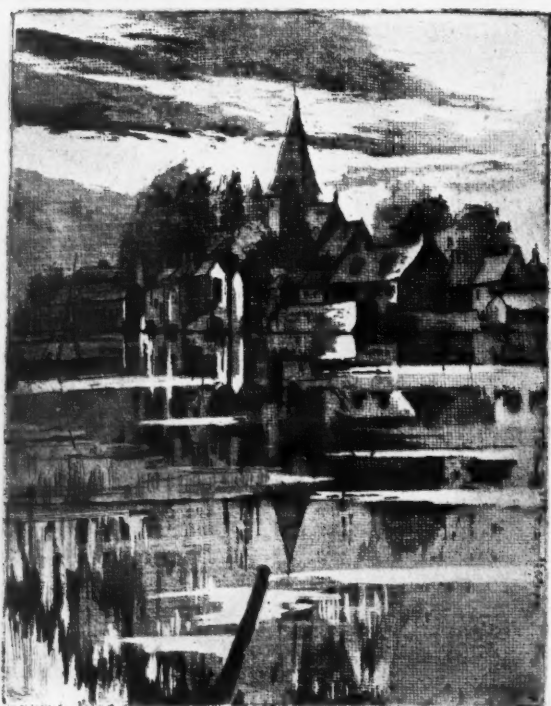
ON the far sides of the sea-creeks circling the island of Hayling there are little towns set in almost rhythmic order. The island itself is a wayward place and devoid of towns. Where one would expect some decisive collection of homesteads nestling under the two ancient churches there is none. But on all the coasts to be seen from the island, and there are many, delicious groupings put forth brave looks to time, for most are relics of bygone prosperity. When the sun tips them to rose and shimmering gold they seem to smile to themselves as if ruminating on some long-ago hour of good fortune in which they were blithe at the singing of the bird of chance. But, when ill-humoured clouds rack the skies, and the shadows fall, they are silhouetted out in ominous darkness. Clusters of red-roofed homes they are, with invariably an old harbour and many a rambling shed; and in the tidal reaches all manner of boats, old and young, swing and sway.

Behind, the downs rise, swell and float upwards to meet the sky. Up over them, on the west wind, which is the prevailing one round these parts, come the clouds. Their shadows flit in ever changing arabesques of purple over the watery shallows, playing their gay game with the bronze and emerald lights.

They roll up over the downs and over from a peak of land towards the west where a great harbour is from which invincibles



"INVARIABLY AN OLD HARBOUR AND MANY A RAMBLING SHED."



"BOSHAM'S QUIET."

have sailed out and home again. Drunken poles mark the lines of water roads, and near the distant mouth the busier small craft fuss about safe from the surging Channel waves beyond. Tucked away at the upper ends of the creeks there is usually to be found a mill and a handful of cottages. A river flowing into the clutching arms of the mill-wheel rushes with the joy of escape exultingly down to the marshes where at ebb tide it laves out into a thousand pools among the sedges and the sea-wrack.

The jealous waves have worked their way well in around the coast. It is a land of uncertainty and no little surprise, and here are tales of submerged habitations and ghostly sea edges. Through the ages its story is one of sorrow after sorrow. The island was fought over and about by kings and queens and ecclesiastics for centuries. All seemed to look askance at it, and yet the feeling for possession was strong. It was never left alone. At one time, although much larger than now, it was rated no richer than "one meadow and woodland worth one pig!" And yet the Romans considered it worthy of a mighty villa and a camp, while their armies landed on its shores in their legions and spent their genius in roadmaking as well as conquering. On Bosham's

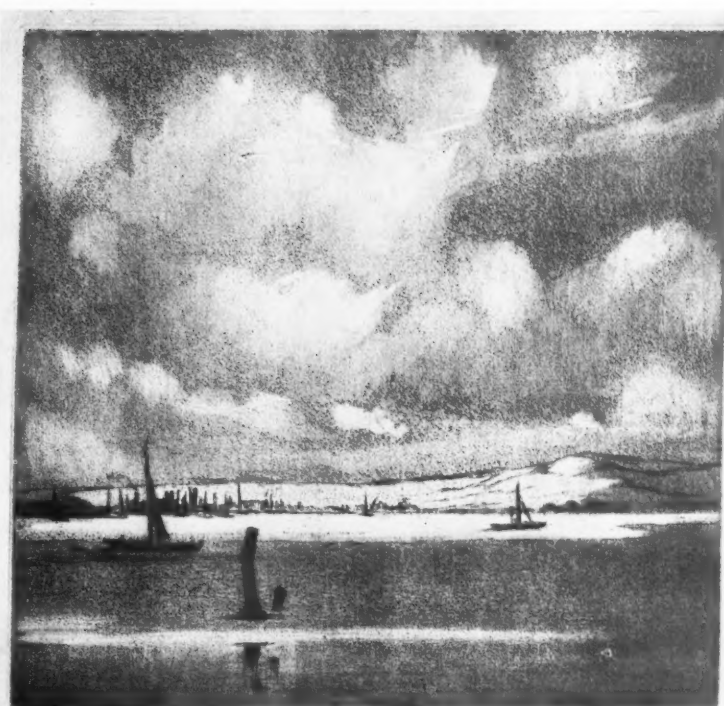


Creek to the north-west Canute thought fit to build a palace. But Canute's queen and the monks of the island bartered its manors and shores from hand to hand for many a long day. Later it even passed to an alien abbey in Normandy. Then the sea, as if weary of all this change, submerged a great priory and numerous hamlets beneath its waters. Not content with this, lords fought over the flotsam and jetsam and treasure trove gleaned from the drowned land.

Sailing down past the eastern shore of the island from Bosham's ancient harbour, Harold began his ill-fated voyage. Quaintly embroidered on Matilda's tapestry in Bayeux town in Normandy the tale is told of how Harold knelt and prayed in the old church before he mustered his men to their boats for France.

Yes, the island delights in surprises, like its patron saint St. Swithin, for at one part facing the Channel there will be picnics and shouting children on its glorious stretch of sand, and country houses curiously mixed up with old thatched cottages in a most untidy fashion. At another part there will be the loneliest farms, old tithe barns and tall trees; at yet another an inland pool with its weeping willows overhanging its witch-like bosom. But best of all is the fascinating outline of its coast, for, riddled as it is with creeks, it presents to the eye at every point, in say an hour's walk, wonderful vistas.

And far out in the deeps of the eastern creek it may surprise the least sceptical to hear the booming sound of the lost bell of Bosham drifting across the waters and



"THE FASCINATING OUTLINE OF HAYLING'S COAST."

keeping time with the others from the belfry. Always in the evening, when the sky is steeped in sunset and the lights of Ryde and Brading in the Wight begin to twinkle through the violet haze what has perhaps seemed hard and unsympathetic in the daylight, and of little importance to the artist, cloaks itself in romance and sings in tune.

MARGARET DOBSON.



"CLOUDS FROM OVER PORTSMOUTH WAY."

# THE FISHING CORMORANT

By DR. FRANCIS WARD.

**C**ERTAIN of our sea birds swim and fly under water in pursuit of their food; these are known as "divers." They do not dive in the sense of taking a header, but merely tip up and disappear to chase their prey. On the other hand, such sea birds as the gannet and tern mark down a fish from above, close their wings and dive right on to it; these true divers are classed as "plungers." Surface swimming gulls, such as the kittiwake and the black-headed gull, are supposed to be only able to catch fish just below the surface, but in this respect even these gulls are changing their habits, and a black-headed gull will hover like a hawk over the water, and then swoop down so that it practically

The former is the larger of the two. Its black plumage has a greenish purple metallic hue, the throat is white, and during the breeding season a white patch appears on the thighs. The shag, or green cormorant, is considerably smaller. With this bird the dark plumage has a green metallic hue, and at no time does it show any white, but during the breeding season a dark green crescent develops on the head, the feathers of which are curved backwards. The cormorant is a more timid bird than the shag, and if an attempt is made to approach them when sitting together on a rock the former will take to flight and skim away over the sea while the boat is still a couple of hundred yards away. The latter usually remains considerably longer,



CORMORANT SWIMMING ON THE SURFACE DIPS THE HEAD UNDER TO SEARCH FOR FISH.

disappears from sight. True, this is not general with black-headed gulls, but I have seen individuals act in this manner on several occasions, and what individuals can do the rest will do as soon as the need for food becomes pressing.

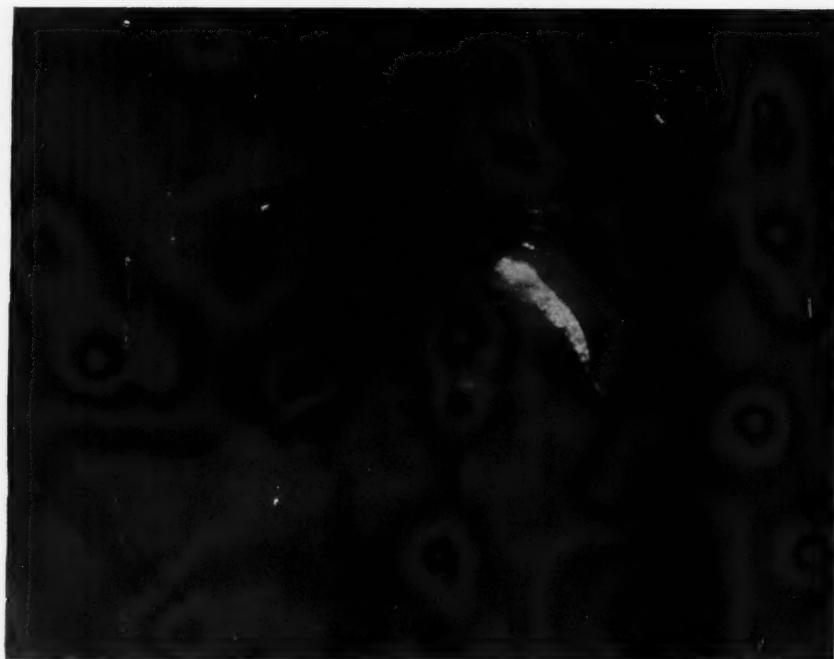
Whether sea birds dive, plunge or swoop down on the water, their main food supply is fish. The cormorant and other divers feed almost exclusively on this diet, while gulls, such as the black-headed, common and black-backed gulls, take fish to a far greater extent than is generally recognised. In these birds, however, a true estimation of the amount of fish taken is very difficult, because fish is digested at a much more rapid rate than most of their other food and also because they, in common with many other birds, have the habit of disgorging as soon as they are molested. The cormorant, the most voracious of fish feeders, is taken as an example to illustrate the possibilities of fish destruction by divers, and on a future occasion I hope to show the influence of gulls in the same direction. Cormorants have a world-wide distribution. Of these there are thirty-six species, but only two frequent our shores and inland waters—the common black cormorant (*Phalacrocorax carbo*) and the green cormorant (*P. Graculus*).

and when it leaves the rock drops on the water with a tremendous splash, swims a few yards, and then disappears below the surface with scarcely a ripple.

I have been led to write on the present occasion about cormorants because recently I have been watching them fish in Buenos Aires harbour and in the La Plata River. Here, the bird is by no means shy, and I have been able to confirm at close quarters several observations which, at home, were only made through glasses.

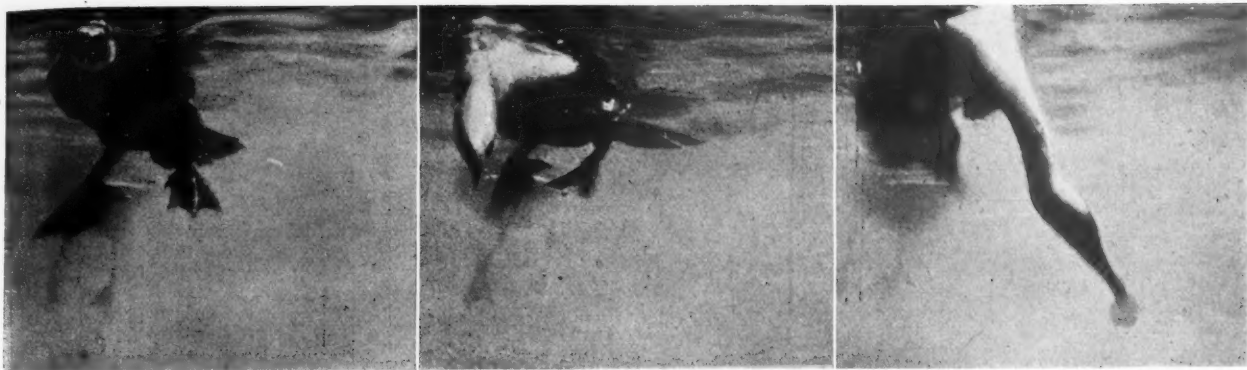
In the Darsena Norte of Buenos Aires, one of the most congested harbours in the world, these divers fish all among the shipping, and when a blustering Argentine tug, belching black smoke and blowing a blatant whistle, comes along, they simply dip under and come up on the other side. Even in the river itself they can be approached within thirty or forty yards.

Any where on a rocky coast the cormorant can be watched fishing. This is best done from the cliffs while the bird is at work in the bay below. Most fishery boards offer a reward for their destruction, and as they are generally shot at from a boat, this method of approach is difficult. Further, on the west coast, where the water is clear, from the



THE APPEARANCE OF THE HEAD SEEN UNDER THE WATER.  
This bird is in the same position on the water as in the illustrations above.





CORMORANT CHASING AND CATCHING FISH (FROM FILM TAKEN UNDER WATER).

elevation of a cliff it is often possible to watch their under-water movements.

Cormorants consume a prodigious quantity of fish. A bird weighing from six to eight pounds will take at least fifteen pounds weight of fish in a day. Some authorities place the day's consumption considerably higher. An extraordinary amount can also be taken at one time. A Scarborough naturalist gave a bird fifty herrings, all of which were swallowed; and

have given a captive cormorant twenty-seven herrings of an average length of 7 ins., and only then had to stop because the supply was exhausted. Reliable records are available of specimens that have contained a conger 2 ft. 6 ins. in length, and a grilse weighing 3 lb. 2 oz. Another bird contained six trout weighing 2 lb. 4 oz. These, of course, are "outsizes"; the usual food of a cormorant is fish of a few ounces to a pound or so. The question naturally arises, how does the bird catch all the fish required to satisfy its enormous appetite with such ease that it is able to spend most of its time perched as a sentinel upon some lonely rock while it digests this catch? Watch a cormorant in the bay below from your esplanade seat or from the cliff. The bird fishes in several ways. He may appear to be aimlessly bobbing about in the water, when suddenly he will disappear and in thirty or forty seconds pop up again—it may be almost where he went down or forty to fifty yards away. He has probably been systematically hunting among the rocks and seaweed like an otter or a seal under water. Another time this fisher will come up too yds. away; then you know that it has been a long chase and that he has failed to catch his fish, for in a straight chase the fish will beat the bird.

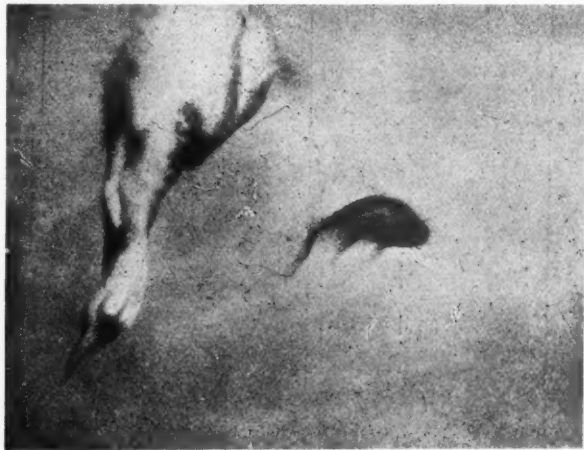
At another time the cormorant will fish in the most interesting manner of all, and during the description of this last method I would ask the reader to follow the first series of illustrations. The bird may be gently paddling on the surface when suddenly he will splash his head and neck under water and then swim forward on the surface with the head still under. He is looking for fish; but, incidentally, the sheeny metallic plumage of the head catches the light from above and flashes as a silvery object, as shown in the third illustration of this series. When fishing in this manner, all in a second the body will circle over and the bird has gone. He has seen his fish and in a few seconds is up

again with a fine pollock or bass seized across the centre. I suggest this is what has happened: In the sea shoals of surface-swimming fishes swim about, and as they twist and turn they send out flashes of light from their silvery sides. The attentions of predatory fish are arrested by these signals, and they come up to feed. It is quite possible that as the cormorant swims along splashing his head and neck in and out of the water the predatory fish mistakes the flashes of light from the head of the bird for surface-swimming fish, and so go to their own destruction. In one of my under-water observation ponds, where a cormorant lived for many months, I have seen the attention of trout arrested by these antics of the cormorant.

I would now ask the reader to follow the illustrations of the appearance of the cormorant during the chase under water, given in the series of five pictures cut from a cinematograph film. The first shows the cormorant on the surface seen from below with his head just splashed down, and corresponds to the above-water illustration in the first series; next, he has spotted his fish and is preparing to go after it; he then jumps and with extended neck starts the chase. The fourth illustration is the

most interesting of all, for it shows to what extent the black cormorant becomes a mirror—when seen from under the water. Here the bird is searching in light surroundings and has taken the general tone and shade around—in this particular case the black cormorant appeared as an indistinct greenish blue shimmering form as he twisted and turned. A quick move and he had seized a fish by the middle, only a yard from me. He now was dark, because he was reflecting the dark sides of my under-water observation chamber. The lights on his head and back are due to reflection of light from above. The fish seized, the bird allowed himself to rise to the surface without any effort on his part and, treading water, he turned his catch round with jerky movements and swallowed it head first. A cormorant never swallows a fish, however small, under water.

The skin of the neck of the bird is dilatable and forms a pouch for food. When this is nearly full up or when the cormorant has captured a particularly large fish the contents are forced down into the stomach in the following manner: This black glutton treads water so that the body is raised well above the surface, the neck is then extended and the upper portion



THE BLACK CORMORANT BECOMES A MIRROR SEEN UNDER WATER.



THE FISH SEIZED.

arched over so that the fish is literally pushed down; at the same time the gullet below is inflated. The exertions are helped at intervals by a violent flapping of the wings and shaking of the head.

When a cormorant has caught a fish too large to swallow, he is extremely persistent in his endeavours to perform the impossible, and he will twist a flat fish round and round from ten to fifteen minutes before he drops it in disgust. I have discovered a plaice discarded in this manner, and the fish has been lacerated all round by the powerful hook of the upper mandible. A fish seldom gets away from a cormorant once a bird is within striking distance, for this hook driven into any part of the fish will hold it.

When loaded up, the cormorant swims to a rock and flops on to it in order to digest its catch. The last series of film pictures illustrates his methods. After he has found a comfortable place he stays there until digestion is completed, and to relieve the feeling of distension he throws forward his body and extended wings in the same manner as a human being, when he has over-eaten himself, sits down, leans forward and extends his arms, with the palms of his hands on his knees. The attitude of the cormorant has been described as sunning itself, but it is only, as I have described, the attitude by which the body walls are relaxed on an overloaded stomach.



WHEN FULL OF FOOD THE CORMORANT LANDS—



—AND SETTLES DOWN TO DIGEST IT.

Though the cormorant undoubtedly takes a large number of edible fish in the sea, it is when the bird visits inland waters and rivers and fishes among salmonoids that he is really destructive. Here it may be safely said that he is responsible for the loss of fish to the value of several pounds a day.

If unmolested, a few cormorants will ruin any fresh-water fishing. When a gang of poachers are found to be netting a water, the owner immediately takes measures to prevent the poaching; but a pair of cormorants will do far more harm by their regular toll of the trout than an occasional visit of poachers. Yet they are allowed to remain because of the trouble it entails to shoot these cunning marauders.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES

### A GOOD SALE OF KERRIES.

A VERY good price has been paid to the Kerry Estates, Limited, owners of the famous Valencia Herd. Six pedigree Kerries were sold for a thousand guineas. Among them was the celebrated cow, Valencia Pailfill, which has given 1,200 gallons in three successive lactation periods, calving on each occasion in November; and also Valencia Una, whose dam, Valencia Meta, is believed to have been the first 1,000 gallon Kerry cow. The Kerry is very essentially a poor man's cow. It is the cow of the Irish cottier and it belonged originally to the hills which lie between Kenmare and Cahirciveen on the south-west coast of County Kerry. It is an easy cow to feed; in fact, it has been called the scavenger, its appetite probably being derived from the poorness of the pasture in its original home. A good milker and a cheap feeder would appear to be a combination particularly suited to the smallholder of any country.

### GOOD PRICES FOR HACKNEYS.

On several occasions recently we have drawn attention to the better results obtained at horse sales. The agricultural breeds are all doing better than they did a year ago, and the Shires, especially, seem to be rapidly attaining their old position. This increase in prosperity seems to be extending from the heavy to the light horses. At any rate, very good prices were obtained for hackneys at the sale which took place at Ewloe Hall, Buckley, in Cheshire, where Messrs. Frank Lloyd and Sons of Wrexham sold the stud of the late Mr. C. F. Kenyon. There was a large attendance of bidders and the total of thirty head realised £9,896, averaging £329 17s. The best price obtained was 2,000 guineas, given by Mr. W. Wainwright of Stoke-on-Trent for Braishfield Fuse, the champion both in harness and in hand at Doncaster. The second highest price of the day, 1,400 guineas, was paid by Mr. J. E. Rushworth of Grimsby for Buckley Courage, which gained first at Doncaster this year and at the Welsh National Show. Mr. Wainwright paid 1,200 guineas for the prize mare Glenavon Belief and 1,050 guineas for Bricket Fusilier, the pony stallion which was reserve in harness and in hand to Braishfield Fuse at Doncaster. As will be gathered from the average, good prices ruled throughout the sale.

### RENEWED PROSPERITY FOR SHIRES.

It appears that propaganda and other means taken to widen the popularity of the Shire horse have produced a good effect. More than a hundred new members have joined the Society since the beginning of the year and the loss on the previous year has been reduced from £2,496 to £700. The outlook, judging from recent auctions, seems to promise a considerable revival of business as fillies, colts and geldings are making better prices than they did last year. It is suggested that in the London show there should be new classes to admit the exhibition of Shires or horses of Shire type as barge horses. These considerations point to a revival in the Shire horse trade.

### A HINT FOR SMALL POULTRY KEEPERS.

Feeding poultry by artificial light during the winter months is a widely accepted policy on many of the larger farms where, it is averred, the result has been a marked increase in egg yields. The small poultry keeper who has read of this successful experiment in night feeding has hitherto been prevented from copying the example by the fact that his flock is too small to justify the expense of installing an artificial



lighting plant; but recently one came upon a moorland farmer with a flock of but three dozen hens, who has overcome that difficulty. Securing a couple of old stable lanterns in which carriage candles can be burned, he so fixed these that the light was thrown down upon about four square yards of floor space. Pieces of polished tin acted as reflectors to intensify the light. Now, each evening at 8.30, he lights his lanterns and feeds the fowls a warm, wet mash, or gives a feed of grain, allowing them twenty minutes in which to eat, then reducing the light until the fowls get back to their perches, when it is extinguished entirely. The total cost of light and extra food runs to about one shilling a week, and the increased egg yield—15 per cent. on previous seasons when there was no feeding by artificial lighting—represents an increased cash return of 2s. 3d. weekly. Any man with but two or three dozen fowls might find this method very profitable.

W. S.

#### WAR ON WEEDS.

Mr. H. C. Long of the Ministry of Agriculture chose "Weeds and their Eradication" as the subject of the inaugural address to the Edinburgh University Agricultural Society. He gave a list of preventive measures which must have been very helpful to his student farming audience. He places first, prevention of seeding, and it needed little argument to prove that cutting such weeds as nettles, thistles and docks before the seeds ripen is a way to check them which, if continued, would end in their eradication. Scarcely of less importance is the use of clean threshing machines and carts. Comparatively few farmers recognise the importance of thoroughly cleaning threshing machines and carts and, indeed, all other means of holding or transporting corn, because on the cleanest farms the intermixture of weeds with the good seeds is fatal to clean farming. Moreover, carelessness

in this respect has the effect of causing the deterioration of grain used as seed. That occurs when even a small quantity of grain is left sticking to the damp wood of the wagon which previously has carted a load of it to the pigs or poultry yard. Another point was the proper use of the manure heap. Every farmer knows, and he ought to make his labourers know, that grains without being sterilised pass whole through animals such as the horse and the ass. The only way to get rid of this sowing is to keep the dung-heap at high temperature until all the seeds in it are sterilised. In this way manure which would be full of weeds may be placed on the ground perfectly free of them.

#### DEVELOPING THE BEET INDUSTRY.

A long step forward has been taken by the resolution to erect a new sugar factory and to fix the site for it at Spalding. The enterprise is that of the Anglo-Scottish Sugar Beet Corporation, Limited. On their part negotiations have been going on for some time, and there has been a friendly contest as to whether Spalding, Bourne or Peterborough offered the most suitable site. Lord Weir, president of the syndicate, took the side of Spalding on the ground that the large potato growers of that district would find it a benefit to have an alternative crop in order to minimise the risks of beet growing. If all the cultivators of Spalding concentrated on producing potatoes, it is obvious that there would soon be a superfluity of that excellent food. The soil of Spalding is excellent for the purpose, as is proved by the fact that the growers there have won the challenge cup for the best beet in all England. This is in itself good testimony to the wisdom of using the rich fenland for beet growing. The site is on the outskirts of the town and, incidentally, will provide a good big job for various trades, as the total cost is to be £300,000.

## THE NEW COURSE AT KNOLE

By BERNARD DARWIN.

THEY are always making new courses somewhere, but the one which Mr. Abercromby has laid out at Knole is a very great deal more interesting than most of them. For one thing, a great many people have seen Knole, and everyone has seen pictures of it and knows it is one of the loveliest places in England. It may even be that a few will regard the making of a course there as almost sacrilegious: Lord Sackville, in his pleasant little speech at the opening, said that he himself had at first been rather frightened lest the beauties of the park might suffer. Therefore it is as well to say that the most fanatical lover of Knole and hater of golf could not find anything to complain of. Some trees have, I believe, been cut down, but nobody would guess it. The winding glades through the woodland, down which we try to steer the ball, seem to me quite perfect in their beauty, and I cannot believe that a few fluttering red flags and yellow bunkers can offend anybody. To my prejudiced eye, indeed, they look very pretty dotted here and there in the great green spaces.

I spent two days playing round the course. On the Saturday, when we had a very friendly and informal opening match, the weather behaved in its most outrageous manner, the rain descending quite pitilessly, as from a bucket. On the next day it was kinder, for we had a big, soft, drying wind and even some blue sky and sunshine. The course is still very new, for the work was only begun last February, and the rain for the last month has been utterly malignant. Consequently the ground was soft and the greens slow, but the effect of that one dry, windy day was so remarkable that I imagine the course will normally be a very dry one. Much of the turf is lovely. Wherever, as on the grass footpaths, the human foot has been regularly at work, the grass is very fine and delicate, an earnest of what all the fairways should be in a little while.

It is extraordinarily hard to know how long or how short a new course will ultimately be. When Gleneagles was opened, such admirable drivers as J. H. Taylor mopped their brows and said that they were too old and no mortal man could reach the greens. Certainly it was then a course for lusty young giants; but nowadays, after the trampling of many players, the 72's and 73's seem as plentiful as blackberries, when the professionals play there. Some of the two-shot holes at Knole were very long last Saturday: even Mr. Wethered had to hit his soul out of his body to reach them in two. Yet when the ground is a little firmer and drier, I am full of hope, even of confidence, that I shall reach them my own humble self and that with some comfort. I think that in time people will be doing quite low scores at Knole, but I am sure that they will have to play well to do them; it will never be a course that a man will scramble round in an average of fours. Nobody is, perhaps, quite so fond of one-shot holes as Mr. Abercromby, as witness the old course at Addington, and he has provided five of these at Knole: indeed, including the first, which is a distinctly long one, there are six. Here, then, are a possible six threes as a nucleus of our low score, but to do all those six holes in three means very, very accurate hitting, since all are difficult, well guarded and ingenious. There is one that struck me as particularly clever, the twelfth. In length it requires a good spoon shot or perhaps for the average golfer a full drive. The green is divided into two compartments by a ridge; the hole is cut in the left-hand compartment, and close to it, edging its way into the green, is a bunker. An ordinarily good shot, played with not quite enough courage,

falls away to the right: the player can get his three, but he has to putt really well to do it. The man who plays the truly brave shot, on the other hand, has a certain three and visions, at any rate, of a rare and heavenly two. The hole is somewhat on the lines of the third hole at St. George's Hill, but it is better in that the ridge is not nearly so steep, and the putting, consequently, is merely difficult and in no way fantastic.

The hole before it, the eleventh, is another very interesting one of quite a different type, such as we never forget when once we have played it. It is a "dog-leg" on a gorgeous scale, since after playing the tee shot past the end of an avenue of tall trees, we turn through a complete right angle to play the second. At the moment with the back tee, the tee shot is rather too long and only a really big driver can get past the avenue and so have a clear shot at the hole. However, that is only a question of firmer ground and perhaps of a rather forward tee. As an example of what great length can occasionally accomplish for its happy possessor, I may narrate how I and Mr. Wethered respectively played this hole—not in the "exhibition" match, but in a casual game. Poor puny I hit a fairly good tee shot, but was not clear of the trees, then played a respectable spoon shot round the corner and finally pitched home—total, two wooden club shots and a pitch. Mr. Wethered took a line entirely of his own to the right of the avenue, carrying another smaller avenue *en route*, and then played comfortably home over the tree tops with his niblick—total one wooden club shot and a pitch. I am glad there are not many holes constructed on this principle or I should feel bound to decline playing with him any more, a course I should much regret.

I think this course must be peculiarly rich in holes that are out of the ordinary, because there are so many that I want to describe. There is the thirteenth, for instance, which has a good, honest, old-fashioned carry from the tee over a pond and a carry that takes a man to accomplish it. Two admirable balls, for which I paid half-a-crown each, are now reposing in its oozy depths. It is not necessary to attempt this carry; we may sneak round by the left, but if we do we have got to play a decidedly skilful pitch over or through an ancient oak tree, whereas our long-carrying enemy has earned by his superior prowess an easy little chip and will be putting for his three.

Of course in such an ideal setting there are some wonderfully picturesque holes running along valleys with towering trees on either side. This always seems to be the most romantic kind of hole that there is, where one can almost catch sight of a merry outlaw in a green jerkin, hiding behind a beech and sending his shaft "through the two mile distant buck." There are several such holes at Knole, but first prize must go to the fourth, which has the additional thrill of a tee shot from a high place over a grassy mountain. The fifth, too, is most alluring—a one-shot hole of some 175 yds., from one side of this same enchanting glade to the other. Moreover, when we have toiled up to the hillside to the green, any breath we may have left is taken away from us by the sudden apparition of the house itself looking like a citadel in a fairy story. If anybody who reads this article could see how wet and bedraggled I was after two rounds last Saturday, he would realise that the course must have many charms. And indeed it has. I do not think there will be a better park course anywhere and not one with more devoted lovers.



**T**HAT sad, merry old man John Taylor, the jingling *jongleur* called the Water Poet, tramped all the way to the Mount in 1649 to write a book for his living. He found it deserted after the wars, and the church "for no other use but a well stored magazine, from whence (as a relic of remembrance) I brought half a yard of Saint Michael's Mount monumental match." Being the most unromantic pedestrian, and usually suffering from the verminous beds of the pot-houses he slept in, he was refreshingly blunt in his opinion of the place. "To speak the truth of this so much

talked of famous mount; it is a barren stoney little wen or wart, not worth the taking or keeping."

Such was not the opinion, presumably, of John St. Aubyn, who obtained the Mount a few years after Taylor's visit, although, from a curious fragment now in the British Museum, one of his Puritan neighbours considered it a silly thing to have done. The MSS. is headed:

A gift given by John Seyntawbyynn of ye Mount Esq. unto John Vyvyan of St. Columb Esq.

Mr. Vyvyan sent Mr. Seyntawbyynn an outlandish goose and gander, about ye gander's neck were these verses:

I send this goose and gander  
Vnto ye Mount's commander.

Mr. Seyntawbyynn returned him this answere:

If that your gander were a gelder  
T'would make a Presbyterian elder.

St. Aubyn no doubt found the Mount as it had been left since Sir Francis Basset's defence and surrender in 1646. The west door probably needed repair and he set up his arms impaling those of his wife, a Godolphin, above it (Fig. 1). This low portal, through walls of immense thickness, was the principal entrance to the castle, as it had probably been to the monastery. Beyond a little hall you come into the north court, which was the monks' burial ground, whence open the church and the lady chapel. If you are going to the living part of the house, you can either walk along a hanging gallery that runs round the lady chapel (which was converted into drawing-rooms by the third or fourth Sir John St. Aubyn about 1740) or else wind your way through devious passages to the right from this entrance hall. That way you will find yourself in a succession of low, thick-walled rooms, looking through deep, small windows away over the Atlantic to Spain and South America. The sound of the surf, 300ft. below, is never out of your ears, in the calmest weather and lowest of tides. Jackdaws and gulls whirl perpetually below and on a level with your eyes as you sit by the windows.

The south terrace was considerably enlarged when Mr. Piers St. Aubyn added to the eastern portions of the house, which contain the larger reception rooms and most of the bedrooms. These stretch downwards. Immediately beneath the terrace, or roof that you walk on, with the church towering above you to the



Copyright.

1.—THE RUDE, LOW ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE.  
The arms of Colonel John St. Aubyn (1666) carved in the granite above.

"C.L."





2.—THE CHEVY CHASE ROOM: FORMERLY THE REFECTORY AND GREAT HALL.



3.—THE WESTERN END.

The roof of the fifteenth century, and the doorway Georgian.

Copyright.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



4.—DETAIL OF THE FRIEZE: BULL-BAITING.



5.—THE BOAR HUNT IN THE CHEVY CHASE FRIEZE.

north, come a drawing and a billiard room, and on the three floors below that, bedrooms. And, at the bottom of all, are a heating-furnace and a postern door, which is the door always used by the family. By then you are about a hundred feet below the terrace, though 100ft. of rock garden stretch down the south escarpment to the sea (Fig. 14). In July the rocks are brilliant with varieties of mesembryanthemum, or ice flower, white, gold, crimson and pink. On some plants it is absolutely impossible to see the leaves, and they present solid mounds of dazzling pink, after looking on which your eyes see all the rest of creation a dull complementary green. Dracenas, veronicas, echiums, huge climbing geraniums, myrtle and the bottle brush are some of the plants that thrive on this southern cliff, in spite of tempestuous winds. The proudest plant of them all is a superb spike of *Furcraea* (Fig. 15), fully 9ft. high, a mass of pendent light yellow flowers. At the base of the cliff are three terraces, contrived in the early eighteenth century by two old Miss St. Aubyns. They are so placed that even in the strongest gales they are sheltered—the ground layer of air being dense enough to act as a buffer and send the winds up the cliff. There the climbing geraniums, red crassula, escallonia, *Lonicera Hildebrandtiana*, *Leptospermum scoparium*, *Pittosporum Tobira* (15ft. high), *Metrosideros lucida* and robusta, that are such a feature at

Tresco in the Scillies, are among the thriving plants. Blue borage ramps among the rocks above high-water mark.

Standing on the south side of the south roof terrace is the refectory of the monks, now called the Chevy Chase room (Figs. 2 and 3). Its walls were probably built first by Abbot Bernard of Mont St. Michel in the twelfth century. The open timber roof was most likely renewed during the late fifteenth century, and restored in the nineteenth century when the wooden diagonals and bosses were added. The dado and doors seem to be of eighteenth century Gothic. A further series of restorations was conducted during the first half of the seventeenth century, when the remarkable plaster frieze was put up. At the east end are the royal arms, painted in proper colours (as was the frieze, possibly), and dated 1641 and 1660. The later date celebrates the Restoration and also Monk's order in that year, a copy of which is still preserved, to the Governor of the Mount, to disband what men he had and hand over to Colonel John St. Aubyn. But no significance can be guessed for 1641, unless it be the date of the plasterwork as a whole. From the evidence of the work itself and the costumes portrayed, one would date the frieze early in that century. But, so far as we can tell, the Mount was only inhabited up till its acquisition by the St. Aubyns by "Governors," who were retired officers receiving

6 AND 7.—DETAIL OF GLASS ROUNDELS IN THE WINDOWS OF THE HALL.  
Rhenish workmanship about 1500.





8.—JULIANA VINICOMBE, LADY ST. AUBYN, 1793.



9.—MISS BUNN, SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE ARTIST, 1788.

£20 a year. Lord Salisbury, who nominally possessed the Mount, probably never came here. Last week we saw that the Earl of Salisbury sold the Mount in 1641 to Sir Francis Basset. It is recorded that Sir Thomas Killigrew received instructions to fortify the place in 1625. But these are the only dates ascertainable, and none of them fits the work very well. My own impression is that the work is later than it seems, and was executed by a local plasterer when Sir Francis Basset moved into the Mount. In that case the date 1641 would be accounted for as that of the execution of the work. The royal arms, dated 1660, were added by St. Aubyn. The frieze portrays a succession of extremely vivid scenes from the chase. Beginning from the west door (Fig. 3), and coming round by north, the items are: Two horsemen and a pack of hounds with runners after a hare (Figs. 2 and 3). A man lying down and aiming at a rabbit with a gun (Fig. 2). Further on, he has got him and is hamstringing him, or, possibly, taking him out of a snare. Fireplace wall: bull-baiting (detail in Fig. 5). Bull dogs do the baiting and a kind of *picador* blows a horn. Two men have spears, and behind them two others kneel with levelled

muskets in case of accidents. Further on (Fig. 4), is a boar hunt; a hound has got a hold on the boar and a man is about to fell him with a club. South wall: a bear hunt, a stag hunt, and an ostrich hunt. West wall: (Fig. 3), fox hunting, including the kill and a fox hung by the neck on a tree—an episode for which nobody has yet accounted. The chairs were made in 1800 with wood from Clowance, and from the design of one that is reputed to be of far greater age. This is known as the Glastonbury chair, and bears this legend: "Sit laus deo: Monachus Johannes Arthurus, Monachus Glastonie: Salvete eii deus: Da pacem domine." The chair shows little sign of the wear of four centuries, and does not look any older than the remainder of the set. It is therefore difficult to accept with complete confidence the attribution which, if accurate, would make it one of the oldest chairs in the country. A curious little chair by the door in Fig. 2 is carved, in the French manner of the sixteenth century, with the legend of Susannah. Traditions also cling to this, and, curiously enough, there is another chair, similar to the slightest detail, at Cotehele, to which some significance is attached, though there also the true import has been lost.



10.—MRS. BELL, HOUSEKEEPER AT THE MOUNT, 1777.



11.—DOLLY PENTREATH, LAST SPEAKER OF THE CORNISH TONGUE, 1777.

FOUR PICTURES BY JOHN OPIE.



12.—THE FAMILY OF THE FOURTH SIR JOHN ST. AUBYN.

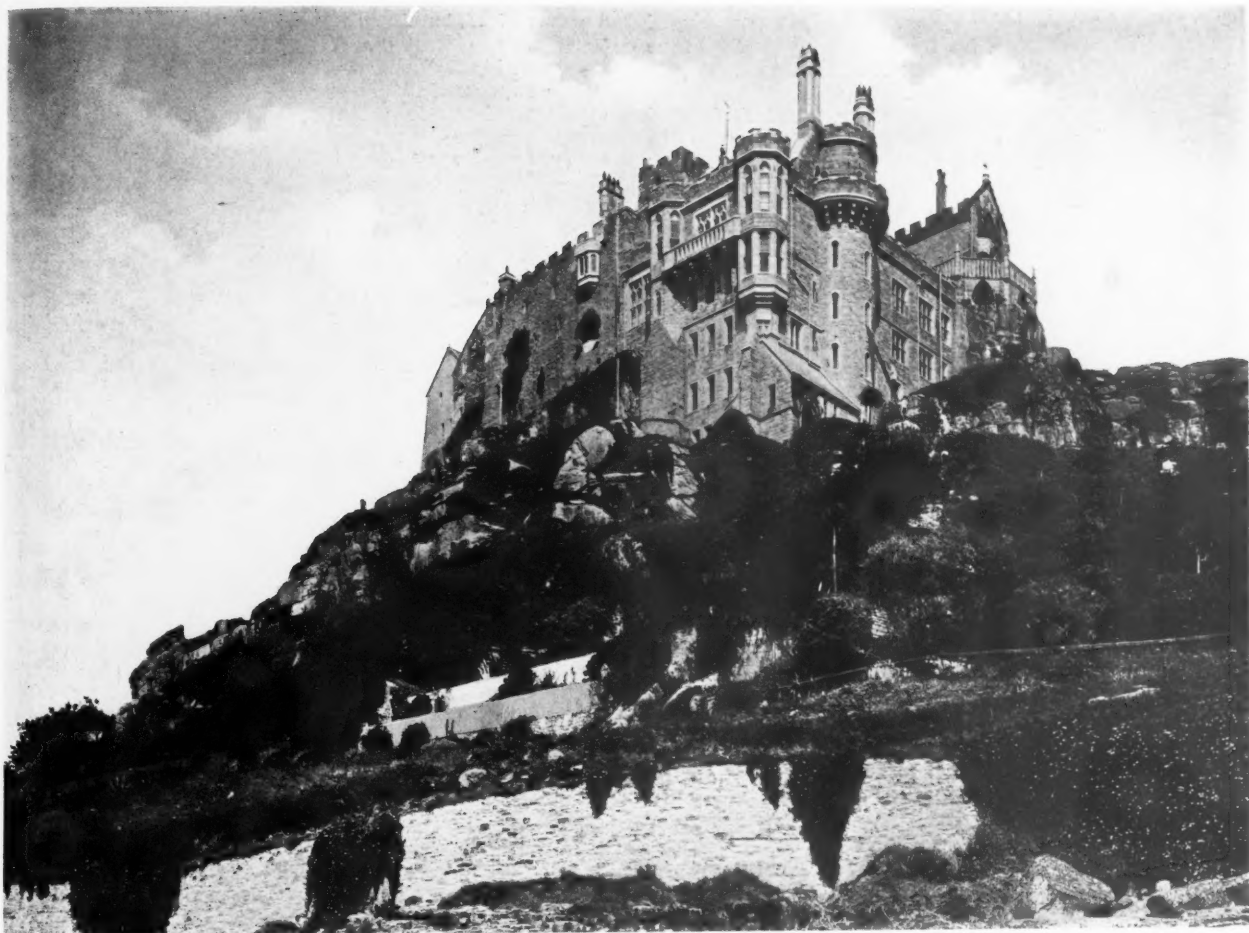
13.—THOMAS KILLIGREW, BY DOBSON.  
Restoration dramatist and son of a neighbour of Colonel John St. Aubyn.

In 1671 Charles II raised John St. Aubyn to the rank of baronet, but neither his nor his son's personalities have recognisably survived. The third baronet, on the contrary, stands out as the most incorruptible politician of Walpole's administration, of whom Sir Robert is reputed to have said: "All these men have their price, except the little Cornish baronet." "He spoke seldom," says another authority, "and never but on points of consequence." He seconded the motion for an inquiry into the accounts of Walpole's administration, the motion that brought the minister to his fall; and though he obtained first place on the Committee of Inquiry, with 518 votes—an achievement pronounced by Speaker Onslow to be without precedent—he declined the chairmanship. He was the friend of Pope, Borlase and Mrs. Delaney and, more important, his wife brought him a large property in Stoke Damerel on which Devonport is built to-day. Before his death, in 1744, he had fitted up the decayed and desecrated lady chapel as two drawing-rooms, with quite charming Gothic plasterwork. In 1723 Borlase, the grave antiquary, but for all that a very companionable fellow, conveyed a request to him "in the name of some ladies that the floor of the hall at the Mount should be planched for dancing." This has been done, though whether by him or later I do not know.

The fourth baronet appears in the pleasant family group shown in Fig. 12, and attributed to Zoffany, but is only distinguished for the remarkable son he produced—the fragile youth in the picture with a large head and a portfolio under his arm. This was the fifth and last baronet, the patron of Opie, a dilettante of standing, a politician and unusually agreeable companion.

Opie, it will be remembered, was the son of a carpenter in the mining village of Mithian, and at the age of fifteen attracted the eye of John Wolcot, then a doctor in Truro. From 1775, when Wolcot first took Opie to live with him and began to instruct him in his art, till 1780, when the pair set out to seek their fortunes in London, Opie constantly toured the country, painting portraits at half a guinea a head. Wolcot, who later, under the pseudonym of Peter Pindar, became the bitterest satyr of the Regency and the bosom friend of Rowlandson, acted not only as tutor but also impresario to the "unlicked cub." Seizing on Opie's natural genius for chiaroscuro and uncompromising realism, he worked towards making him a





Copyright.

14.—THE TERRACE GARDENS AND CLIFF FACE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"C.L."

Showing the additions made during the 'sixties.

"native Rembrandt" and "Cornish Caravaggio," encouraging him to paint beggars and other picturesque tatterdemalions. Pictures of this kind found patrons in Lord Bateman, commanding the Herefordshire Militia at Falmouth, and in Mr. Price of Trengwainton. To this category belongs his portrait of Dolly Pentreath of Mousehole (Fig. 11), the last speaker of the Cornish language, who died in 1777 at the age of one hundred and two, the year in which Opie painted her. Mousehole lies along the coast from Penzance, and thus not far from St. Michael's Mount. It is therefore probable that two other portraits at the Mount—of John James, "Governor" (*i.e.*, steward) of the Mount, and Mrs. Bell the housekeeper (Fig. 12)—belong to the same year, as they do to the same category of work. In the following year he "painted the whole household of the ancient and respectable family of Prideaux," to which these domestic portraits may be allied. There is about these canvases a breadth and lustre in his application of the paint, although the colours are somewhat muddy, that explains his instantaneous success in London after 1780. It would be false to say that he did not improve on them. His contrast of deep shadows and strong light grew infinitely more determined. His colours sorted themselves out. But it was many years before he improved on the brilliant quality of his early brushwork. In London he came under the influence of all the painters then popular, particularly of Reynolds, Hoppner and Beechey. In the portraits of Lady St. Aubyn (1793) and of Miss Bunn (1788), his sister-in-law by his first and unhappy marriage in 1782 with the daughter of a "Jew broker," he has adopted triumphantly the fashionable conventions. But idealisation in portraiture was still as foreign to him as it was in the early days when he enquired of a pained sitter, "Shaan't I draa ye as ye be?"; while his brushwork in such aristocratic settings often appears clumsy or heavy, this is particularly the case in the Lady St. Aubyn. In the portrait of Miss Bunn, however, he is at his best, because on his own. The attitude is striking, and he indulged his love of contrast to the full in the violent scheme of black and white. The quality of the flesh, moreover, is admirable. In this painting of a near relative he was free to make a picture at the expense of the portrait, to express his own rather sinister personality without regard to that of the sitter, with the result that it is one of the most memorable works of the whole group of his contemporaries. The only female portraits that can rank beside it are those of his mother and the adorable portrait of his second wife. When it came to painting

aristocratic strangers who wanted a sympathetic idealisation of features and personalities, to which he was cold, if not

15.—A NINE-FOOT SPIKE OF *FURCRAEA*.  
Ice plant and dwarf veronica at its foot.

antagonistic, it will be believed how rarely he was successful in pleasing them. Not till his Amelia could join him in the studio and put both sitter and artist at their ease did he paint strange women with any enjoyment.

There are three dusky portraits of Sir John himself; and whatever may have been that gentleman's shortcomings in the eyes of his neighbours, it is to his lasting honour that he attended his friend's deathbed, where he afforded Mrs. Opie, in her own words, "support and sanction under circumstances as difficult and delicate as they were agonising and overwhelming"—alluding no doubt to the post-mortem examination which the doctors thought proper to make. Sir John, together with Samuel Whitbread, Sir John Leicester of Tabley and Lord De Dunstanville of Tehidy, another of his Cornish patrons and descendant of the Sir Francis Basset who defended the Mount in the Civil Wars, were among the pall bearers at his burial in St. Paul's in 1807.

Wolcot used to affirm that Opie's talent lay in the direction of landscape. As only nine landscapes by him are even suspected to exist, of which only five are known, and all of them owing not a little to other artists, Wolcot's assertion must refer either to Opie's original bent, though the evidence does not support that, or to his general characteristics. Whether Opie, had he confined himself to landscape, would have become a Salvator Rosa or a herald of Dupré and Diaz is idle speculation. The view of the Mount illustrated last week is one of two the property of Lord St. Levan, and it suggests William Blake and Wilson, if anybody. It was probably painted in the summer of 1796, and must be the one referred to in Holdcroft's diary: Called on Opie, Saw his view of St. Michael's Mount, a moonlight,

the manner hard, but the scenery and effects grand, and composition good.

An almost identical view was set in the background of a full-length portrait of Mrs. Price of Trengwainton, painted in 1798-99, and now the property of Earl Talbot.

The pictures at the Mount comprise a number of other admirable works, to which several have been added from the Townshend collection at Raynham, now unhappily dispersed. Dobson's "Thomas Killigrew" is reproduced (Fig. 13), a notable work of the cavalier successor of Vandyk. There is an exquisite Cotes, a Gainsborough of Lord de Dunstanville, and many others.

When Sir John St. Aubyn died at a ripe old age, in 1839, his properties passed to his son, whose successor was raised to the peerage in 1887 as Lord St. Levan. It was he who employed his cousin, Piers St. Aubyn, who was also the restorer of the Temple Church, to design the additions already described. If Temple Church is one of that architect's least fortunate undertakings, his additions to the Mount may be admitted among the more successful. From the land side they are scarcely noticeable and they are invariably very comfortable.

From the vast drawing-room windows, looking away over the moonlit sea, the pilchard fleet winks like a host of glow-worms, drifting with nets attached to every boat. In the east an intermittent glow marks the Lizard Light, while northward the vast level of the Cornish plateau sweeps in a semicircle from the Lizard to Land's End. Far away over the low tors the light of Godrevy glitters on the waters of St. Ives Bay.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## THE CULT OF THE LILY

NO other bulbous-rooted plant can boast of such an immense diversity of form, colour, height, fragrance and beauty as the genus *lilium*. None other, if one takes all the species into consideration, can claim a longer season of outdoor flowering; while, by the aid of retarded bulbs and a greenhouse temperature, there is no month in the year that need be lily-less. In the open garden, we may begin our enjoyment in May with the elegant *rubellum*, finish in September with the Japanese *speciosum* and carry on, where heat is available, throughout the winter with successive batches of forced *longiflorum*. June and July afford the greatest harvest of blossom and variety, and therefore rank as the lily months, though to these we would add two more—the months of October and January. These are of vital importance, for it is then that the foundation—the literal spadework—of all future success is laid.

With the single exception of *L. candidum*, those are the planting months when the bulbs are placed in their future homes and all those pertinent questions—soil, depth, aspect, etc.—have to be reviewed. It is true that the lily in some species merits the description capricious, and it is sometimes found to thrive under the most unlikely conditions, while in other cases where everything possible has been provided, the plants merely drag out a feeble and brief existence; but never let us forget that this is only true of a small minority, and the greater number are really good garden plants, capable of thriving under all reasonable conditions and as long-lived as any other plant.

Where one is dealing with so varied a family, it is natural that the soil requirements should vary; but, as a general index, a light soil to which peat and sand have been added on a fairly generous

scale is the most suitable. The sand should safeguard the bulbs against the risk of the ground becoming waterlogged—an absolutely fatal matter—while the peat should ensure their being sufficiently moist during the summer months. Prepare your soil by deep digging as early and thoroughly as possible. Fresh manure must be absolutely tabooed; but crushed bones, and manure from beneath an old hot-bed that has become quite black and fallen into a fine powder, are perfectly safe and an excellent addition to the peat, sand and leaf-mould. A few lilies succeed best in a moderately stiff rich loam, and outstanding examples of these are *candidum*, *chalcidonicum*, *croceum*, *dauricum*, *elegans*, *monadelphum*, *tigrinum*, etc.

When planting in borders, the simplest way is to prepare stations of special soil of sufficient size and depth for the particular variety that is being dealt with. Numbers of lilies succeed admirably when interplanted among American shrubs of an evergreen nature. These, being peat lovers, provide the ideal soil: the earth, being filled by their fibrous roots, is never too wet, the growth provides splendid shelter for the young growths of the lilies in spring, and the shade from the stems and leaves prevents the burning heat of the summer sun from scorching the bulbs, while the tops of the plants enjoy the fullest sunlight.

In considering the depth for planting, it must be recognised that there are two distinct types of lily: those that root from the base of the bulb only and those that, in addition to this, also push out a further series of roots from the first node of the stem. Obviously, the latter class demands much deeper covering than the former, although it is always better to err on the side of too deep rather than too shallow planting, for this protects against that worst of all evils, burning the bulbs. As a



THE FINE LILIUM MARTAGON ALBUM.



general rule, two to two and a half times the depth of the bulbs is safe, and it would be impossible to over-emphasise the necessity for planting with as little delay after receipt as possible. All bulbs suffer by exposure to the atmosphere, but the lily worst of all, so that not an hour's unnecessary delay should be permitted. Surround each bulb with a good handful of sharp coarse sand and plant in groups, rather than dot them about, for it is when seen in the mass that so many varieties present their noblest appearance.

With the exception of imported Japanese lilies, all plantings should be completed by the second half of November at latest. Imported bulbs should be got in as soon as it is possible to obtain delivery, and, with these, we strongly advocate dusting thoroughly with sulphur as a protection against disease. In cases where the soil is on the heavy side, it is a useful plan to plant auratum, etc., more shallowly than recommended above, and to provide for the sustenance of the stem roots by earthing up with a good mound of prepared soil when the stems are well up.

When cultivating lilies in pots, provision should be made for these stem roots by only partially filling the pots with compost and planting the bulbs rather deeply; then, when top growth has taken place, filling the pots with rich soil. Shade the pots from hot sun and keep the plants in a cold frame until they become too tall, then transfer to a cold-house. Except in the case of

is imported), permanent establishment is most likely to be achieved by very careful culture during the first summer or two, with the entire removal of the flower head at a rather early stage. My reason for recommending this course is that, when exported, the thick fleshy perennial roots naturally emitted from the base of the bulb are cut off for convenience of packing. The first year the bulb flowers by drawing upon its stored-up energy: but then—continuous decline and ultimately disappearance. By encouraging the most luxuriant leafage and relieving the plant of the strain of flowering, etc., abundant energy is forced back into the bulb, and the roots of which it was denuded are replaced and it is thus that hardy long-lived auratum may be secured for British gardens.

Seed raising will also supply bulbs with the natural roots, and this is an excellent method to follow. *L. regale*, that treasure of the modern garden which was introduced from western China, may be flowered from seed in from two to three years. Nothing could be easier: indeed, it is no more trouble than a lupin.

It is frequently asked if longiflorum is hardy and may they be grown out of doors. The answer to this is a qualified Yes. The best variety for the purpose is longiflorum eximium, which reaches a height of 3ft. and produces ten to twelve large flowers on a stem. As it is capable of thriving in full sunshine (with protection for the bulb), a position that affords this, with shelter from strong winds, should be selected, and a soil used which consists of equal parts of peat, loam and sand. Under these conditions and in the south of England, longiflorum is hardy; but in the North and Midlands, safety is only ensured by lifting in autumn and replanting in spring. H. W. CANNING-WRIGHT.



LILIUM GIGANTEUM, A MONSTER FOR THE WOODS.

retarded longiflorum, no artificial heat should ever be used for lilies, and plenty of air with a cool moist atmosphere are essential, otherwise green fly is certain to be troublesome. In the case of hardy lilies that are to be grown in pots, these should be potted in October and November and kept in frames until the top growth is well advanced in spring.

Suitable kinds for pot culture are chalcedonicum, elegans, longiflorum, Krameri, rubellum, speciosum, tigrinum and auratum. Lilies that thrive in partial shade are: auratum, columbianum, concolor, Hansoni, Henryii, japonicum, longiflorum, Martagon, rubellum and speciosum. Lilies that require the fullest possible exposure to the sun, but with shade by other plants over the lower part of the stems: bulbiferum, candidum, chalcedonicum, croceum, dauricum elegans, monadelphum, pulchellum, tenuifolium and tigrinum. Lilies that only flourish where the bulbs are well supplied with water during the growing season are: Grayii, canadense, pardalinum and giganteum.

In all cases it should be remembered that the main point in lily planting is the permanent establishment of the bulbs, rather than a display of flower the first season; for, far too commonly, the first flowering is the best and succeeding years are marked by continuous retrogression, and new bulbs have to be purchased. In the case of the auratum (of which almost the entire supply

## TWO USEFUL GARDENING BOOKS

*Shrubs for Amateurs*, by W. J. Bean, Curator of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew. (COUNTRY LIFE, 5s. net.)

IT is very questionable if ever the general public is sufficiently grateful when a really great authority undertakes the difficult task of writing a small book upon the vast subject of which he is universally recognised as an authority. Such a writer has but little chance to add to his reputation, and friends and critics are certain, owing to the inevitable curtailment, to amuse themselves and tease the author by enquiring why this or that omission has been made. Garden lovers should, therefore, be especially grateful to Mr. Bean, the writer of "Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles," for the little book which is the subject of this notice. *Shrubs for Amateurs* consists of 117 pages of invaluable information and is written in that concise and accurate English of which Mr. Bean is a master: some notice is included of nearly all the genera containing shrubs, so that beginners may be able to get some idea of the range of the subject, and consequently the book becomes one of reference, though the scale of it is, of course, small. It is a commonly held idea that a garden must be large to accommodate shrubs; this, of course, is not so, nor is it sufficiently realised that a large garden may be both interesting and cheap to maintain if treated with shrubs; but readers of *Shrubs for Amateurs* will learn the best way to set about it. Such important matters as cultivation, transplanting, arrangement, pruning and, last but by no means least, propagation are all dealt with at some length. A select list of shrubs, of the utmost value to beginners, precedes a descriptive list that occupies over two-thirds of the book. Experts seldom commit themselves as to which varieties are the best of their respective genera, but Mr. Bean does this boldly, and the result of his expression of preferences is as interesting as it is valuable. All the best shrubs of each kind now in commerce (and some that are scarcely so) are in this list, and a judicious selection from it will be found to suit all gardens, whether large or quite small. Of the cotoneasters he claims that the too seldom planted *C. frigidula* is the best, but the evergreen *C. Henryana* surely runs it very close if it does not actually take the palm, and he is evidently much attached to the brooms. From among the hollies the prize is given to *Ilex camelliaefolia*, but it is surprising to find that *I. argentea medio-picta* (Silver Milkmaid) is placed before the splendid and accommodating Silver Queen. *Indigofera pendula* is also mentioned and should be widely grown. High praise is rightly given to *Osmanthus Delavayi* and the Japanese cherries, *Pyracantha coccinea* and two sumachs (*Rhus Cotinus atropurpurea* and the magnificent *R. cotinoides*). It is hoped that the above may be sufficient to satisfy all readers that this little book should find a place on the shelves of all garden lovers. C. C. E.

*Bulbs for Amateurs*, by the Rev. Joseph Jacob. (COUNTRY LIFE, 5s. net.)

MR. JACOB has given us another interesting book, which is written in his usual chatty style and is, of course, brimful of quotations. It is a book of good proportions with illustrations carefully selected and well produced, so it is quite in keeping with the rest of this excellent series. It is written for amateurs, and such a book on hardy bulbs has long been enquired for. The information on the more ordinary hardy bulbs is sound and will help many people to select judiciously from the numerous bulb catalogues that find their way to the breakfast-table. It was unlikely that anyone would be able to give lists that would be universally accepted as infallible (e.g., some of us would have placed poeticus ornatus among daffodils for grass planting), but, broadly speaking, Mr. Jacob is to be congratulated on his selections, which are based on his considerable experience in gardens besides his own, in the English and Dutch nurseries and at shows. The chapter on camassias will probably encourage the growing of this beautiful but much neglected flower. When the average amateur gardener becomes really keen it is curious what an attraction an unusual plant has for him, stimulated perhaps more often by competition with his neighbours than by beauty, so a more exhaustive account of the less known "hardy bulbs" would probably have been welcomed, but Mr. Jacob tells us he was limited as to space and doubtless they will be dealt with in a future volume of this much appreciated series. P. D. W.





## 4.—ACCOMMODATION AND COST OF HOUSE.

The house is to be on two floors only, except for box room and such minor provisions in the roof. The area of the two floors should total, as near as may be, 1,900 sq. ft., measured to the outside of the walls. The accommodation is to include hall, lavatory with w.c., and coat cupboard, sitting-room and dining-room, working kitchen and usual offices, maid's sitting-room and w.c., a modest staircase, five bedrooms, bathroom, separate w.c., housemaid's cupboard and linen store.

The aim is to produce a house costing not more than 1s. 8d. a cubic foot, the measurement to be taken over foundations 3ft. 6ins. below ground floor, and to a point half way up the roof.

A modest garage for one car is to be shown as part of the scheme, but its cost is not to be included in the cost of the house, and it is to be an independent building.

## 5.—MATERIALS, DESIGN, ETC.

The walls will be of brick, and the roof of tiles, but, otherwise, materials can be at the discretion of competitors, who will be careful not to inflate the cost by their choice. Internal fittings will be limited to the simplest working fittings, and are not to include any fitted furniture.

The design should be such as suits the atmosphere and character of Moor Park.

## 6.—CARRYING OUT OF THE FIRST PRIZE DESIGN.

Mr. E. H. Burgess, builder, of 45, Berners Street, London, W., has undertaken to build the house to the design which wins the first prize, on the assumption that it can be carried out at 1s. 8d. a cubic foot, which, with the necessary additions for land, drainage, fences, formation of garden, and architect's fees, means a house costing a purchaser approximately £3,000 freehold. The Jury of Award will attach great importance to the economical qualities of the design, and disregard of the limitations of cost will disqualify.

## 7.—FURNISHING, MODELS, EXHIBITION, ETC.

The First Prize House will be furnished under the supervision of Miss Woolrich, Joint Editor of *Homes and Gardens*, and will be kept open for inspection by visitors to Moor Park for twelve months from its completion. Models of the three prize designs and of such others as may be selected for the purpose will be made and placed on exhibition.

## 8.—DRAWINGS, ETC.

The drawings submitted should be on Whatman paper, in ink, without wash or colours, all lettering and figures to be in large plain block type. Walls are to be blacked-in solid, not hatched. Door-swings are to be omitted. The drawings are to consist of:

(A) One Imperial Sheet with plans of floors and roof, four elevations and at least two sections, all to the scale of 8ft. to 1in.

(B) One Imperial Sheet with plan showing site and position of house: also a half-inch scale detail of some part of the house.

It is hoped that Competitors will submit one perspective in ink, pencil or wash (not in colours), not to exceed 16ins. by 10ins., but the omission of a perspective will not prejudice the chances of success.

Drawings are to be mounted and delivered flat.

Accompanying the drawing must be a descriptive memorandum not exceeding one foolscap sheet typewritten.

Drawings and memoranda are not to be distinguished by any motto or device, nor must they bear competitor's name and address. These are to be enclosed in a sealed envelope, with the drawings: they will not be opened until the awards have been made. All drawings, with their envelopes, will be numbered in order of their receipt.

## 9.—QUESTIONS ON THE CONDITIONS.

Competitors should notify their intention to compete, and send their questions on the conditions (if any) on or before December 15th, 1924, to The Editor of COUNTRY LIFE: envelopes being marked "Moor Park." Replies to all questions received will be circulated as soon as possible thereafter to all those who have notified the Editor.

## 10.—SENDING IN, ETC.

(A) All drawings are to be addressed to The Editor, COUNTRY LIFE, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, and to reach him not later than Monday, February 16th, 1925, at noon.

(B) The proprietors of COUNTRY LIFE reserve the right to publish any of the designs sent in, and the right is retained to the proprietors of Moor Park to retain any of them until June 30th, 1925, with a view to their exhibition.

(C) Great care will be taken of all drawings submitted, but no responsibility will be accepted for the loss of, or damage to, any drawing from whatsoever cause arising.

(D) Unsuccessful competitors will be required to collect their drawings from the offices of COUNTRY LIFE, or to defray the cost of their return.

(E) The decisions of the Jury of Award will be final and binding and without appeal. The right is reserved to withhold or reduce all or any of the prizes offered should the designs submitted be deemed by the Jury to be of insufficient merit.

## 11.—PUBLICATION OF AWARDS.

It is hoped that the awards of the Jury, with a selection of the winning and other designs, will be published in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE dated March 7th, 1925.

## THE STORY OF TWELVE POINTER'S CAMBRIDGESHIRE

### FOUR NOTABLE UNBEATEN TWO YEAR OLDS.

TO old lovers of Newmarket it was a strange "Cambridgeshire" meeting which marked the close last week of the Newmarket "year." For it was bitten into by the fact of the General Election taking place on the day when the race for the Cambridgeshire should have been decided, and in consequence the Stewards of the Jockey Club abandoned racing for that day and squeezed as much as possible of the cancelled programme into the remaining two days. It came about, therefore, that on the Thursday and Friday we had seventeen races—nine on one day and eight on the other. Each day racing had to start at noon in order that the programme could be finished before dusk settled on the scene. And all the week the old course, so famous in racing history, was being scarred by the great amount of galloping on it, for heavy rain had made it softer than had been the case for years past.

It is characteristic of the Heath that, while it can be made very soft, it never becomes holding and deep as with courses laid out on heavy clay soil. You saw the horses as they galloped throwing up what the golfers call divots, but really the conditions did not unduly impede them, and they did not come in tired and exhausted as would have been the case elsewhere. Of course, it was a big crowd that gathered on Cambridgeshire day, but in these times a great many people merely motor there for the day, whereas in old times it was the custom to stay in the town for the meeting. That powerful motors have altered the custom must have made a big difference to householders, who did well out of letting their rooms and houses, and to the tradesmen. A very few years ago, in fact it was subsequent to the war from which we now date most of our happenings, there was no Cambridgeshire race and, indeed, no meeting. The cause of complete abandonment was one of the national strikes, either of railwaymen or miners. I suppose it is the first time, as it may be the last, that the big race has had to be shifted from its usual day through the occurrence of a General Election.

However, racing people do not need to be reminded that any little inconvenience was well worth it.

At least, it did not prevent that good horse Twelve Pointer winning the race. He would have won no matter on which day the task had been allotted to him, which just shows how very complete and convincing was his success. It was achieved in the colours of the Duke of Westminster, who made one of his very rare visits to a racecourse. In all there were twenty-five starters and, though Twelve Pointer had been a big public fancy for some time prior to the race, he was finally deposed from favouritism by the four year old Lighthouse. It was not, I take it, because this horse had shown any astonishingly smart form, though he was an easy winner at Doncaster, but there was an idea that when the ground is deep he is relatively ever so much better. The owner and trainer must have been well satisfied; and, as Mr. Ash races with a good deal of shrewdness and common-sense, the public followed the lead, especially, I suppose, as there was some natural doubt whether a horse at the top of the handicap could give of his best in the conditions.

If I may say so now, without seeming to belittle the triumph of the winner, it did occur to me after the paddock inspection that the field was not a particularly high-class one. Exception may be made of Twelve Pointer, who has never looked anything like the horse he is now, for he was bigger and stronger looking, and he had lost that suggestion of being too light-framed and delicate. It was probably because as a three year old he was never physically strong, through having failed to mature in the normal way, that he gave the idea of being weak and perhaps unwilling in his finishes. One formed the opinion that his usual jockey, Carslake, took a dislike to him on that account, but he came to change his ideas this year, and not even his trainer believed so much in the horse for the Cambridgeshire as did Carslake. He was right. Caravel is a very neat and charming horse, and he is speedy beyond question. If only he were a

little bigger he might be a better stayer, which would have made such a world of difference to his career.

Then what of the others? Verdict was admittedly fresher and brighter-looking than when she ran for the Champion Stakes at the previous meeting only two or three days subsequent to a big effort against Pharos for the Duke of York Handicap. Good judges are no less good judges because they would not take sides with her last week, even though she surprised them by running quite a good third. In other circumstances she might most seriously have troubled the winner. Re-echo was out of court through having a pronounced dislike of racing on soft ground. He and Verdict are both ex-Cambridgeshire winners. Jarvie looked too small for the job in the conditions, and such as Evander and Moabite had rather too much weight. Then as for the three year olds, well, have we not been reminded many times this season, especially in the latter part of it, how inferior the younger horses are to the older ones? So one could not take the candidatures of Live Wire and Diophon too seriously. With regard to the latter, how very strange it seems that the Two Thousand Guineas' winner has not won a race since taking classic honours in the spring. Even St. Louis, another winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, did better than that.

Altogether it did not seem as if Twelve Pointer had such an impossible task, and this certainly was to be his big opportunity. It was easy in the perfect light to pick out the brilliant yellow jacket of the Westminster colours. So we know that Twelve Pointer was in the picture from end to end. One looked for others as likely dangers, and, as they drew nearer and left Bushes Hill behind, noted Caravel, Dumas, Verdict, Dawson City, and Live Wire. As the outsider Batchelor's Fort finished second I suppose he must have been in the vicinity too, but those



W. A. Rouch.

TWELVE-POINTER.

Copyright.

were all to come under notice. One looked in vain for the favourite, only to find him well behind and hopelessly beaten at a time when he should have been right in the van. Twelve Pointer never looked like being beaten. He came on galloping strongly with his powerful rider showing no anxiety. Carslake even edged him over to the far side, where he thought the going would be sounder, and the length by which he won might have been increased had the horse been pressed. Verdict ran on stoutly to take second place from Dawson City, who finished just in front of Dumas. A fine stake was no doubt landed by all associated with Mr. Persse's stable, while what is very satisfactory, bearing in mind some dismal results to these big and popular handicaps, is that the public generally were given some substantial cause to rejoice.

The two year olds to distinguish themselves at the meeting must have some special references to themselves. It may be that a year hence we shall be condemning the three year olds as being a very moderate lot just as I seem to remember that a year ago we had much praise to lavish on the then two year olds, including as they did Mumtaz Mahal, Diophon, Straitlace, and Bright Knight. Yet, viewed as dispassionately as possible, it does seem sure that the high class youngsters of the season, now fast drawing to its close, are an exceptionally good lot. For one thing they are consistent, and there can be no questioning the brilliancy of Saucy Sue, Picaroon, Zionist, and Diomedes. Now last week we had Zionist returned the very easy winner of the Dewhurst Plate. Saucy Sue made a big impression again by her smooth way of winning the Criterion Stakes with a few lengths to spare. Of the four named it is possible that the best form has been shown by Picaroon, who has the Middle Park

Plate to his credit. After all he has well accounted for Manna, and last week we saw the latter very easily win the Moulton Stakes.

Zionist has done well and in his only three races is unbeaten. So also Picaroon, Diomedes and Saucy Sue are unbeaten. It is seldom that we have so many unbeaten two year olds at this time of year, youngsters, too, which between them have won the Middle Park Plate, the Dewhurst Plate, the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park, and races of note at Goodwood and Newmarket. Diomedes has won all his races very easily, but he has not been up against the best, and at this late period of the season I do not think his claims to be the best can be substantiated. As to that, however, we may wait for the Hurst Park Great Two Year Old Stakes at the end of next week since it is understood he is to run and will probably come up against Zionist. Then we may have our ideas cleared as to which at any rate is the better as between the two. Picaroon and Saucy Sue were entered for this event, but my information is that neither will run. They have finished their racing careers as two year olds.

Zionist might be rather better off were he slightly bigger of stature. Lack of size is not without some importance. For instance, how very much better St. Germans would be as a three year old were he appreciably taller. As it is he is a grand little horse. Apart from the deficiency, if it be one, in Zionist he has other outstanding qualities. He has a perfect head and eye, a splendid back and loins wherein is the power, and his legs and feet are the best I have ever seen on a Spearmint. I have heard it said that his knees are not good because they are too fleshy, but, take it from me, it will not be because of his knees that he fails to win the Derby if he should not prove good enough.

Saucy Sue belongs to quite another type, for she is particularly well grown, with wonderful length and reach, and the smoothest possible action. You can find many a two year old showing rather more quality, but not one with more character. So robust looking is she that at first glance you might well take her for a colt. Then, too, being by Swynford from the dam of Bold and Bad, she is bred right, which, however, is a characteristic of all the horses Alec Taylor trains for Lord Astor. What a wonderful lot of mares Lord Astor has and they are practically all good! They possess the choicest breeding. We must not forget that he has another charming two year old filly in Miss Gadabout so that the stud is certain of the right sort of re-stocking as time goes on. The diminutive Jura, three years of age, will make a good brood mare notwithstanding her lack of size. It is breeding, temperament, courage and constitution that make the mare invaluable at the stud.

Little remains of the season, a mere matter of a fortnight after the publication of these notes. To-day (Friday) there is the race for the Liverpool Cup for which I understand Pharos will not be a starter. Probably Lord Derby will be represented instead by Moabite, or, failing him, Sierra Leone. Lord Derby and Liverpool Cups can never be kept apart for long together. My choice for the race to-day, assuming he should be in the field, would be Twelve Pointer. He is so very well, and when a horse is well, better, in fact, than he has ever been, big things are possible. I recall that good horse Poisoned Arrow winning the Cup a year ago. I am not, therefore, afraid of Twelve Pointer's 9st. 5lb., since the penalty is only the small one of 5lb. Next week there is the race for the Derby Cup, but the acceptances are not known at the time of writing and it is possible that I may be able to touch on it next week.

PHILIPPOS.

## The NEW ZEALANDERS' FIRST INTERNATIONAL

TO paraphrase a famous Irish writer, "All games are lovely, but very few are beautiful." This was true of the match in Dublin last Saturday; it was a "broth" of a game—the Irishmen played like demons, or Irishmen with their blood up—they are much the same—the football was very good in the circumstances, but the conditions were all against precision and niceties of play and, by the end, both teams were so plastered with mud that there were two sets of "All Blacks" instead of one.

While precisians will argue that the actual score, six points to nil, was the same as that recorded against Somerset and Gloucestershire, and less close than their three points win against Newport, there is no doubt that the New Zealand team was nearer defeat on this occasion than on any other. It must be remembered that in this, their fourteenth, match our visitors had probably reached the pinnacle of their form; they had played sufficient matches to reach a complete understanding and knowledge of each other's methods, they had achieved a succession of victories over varied and competent opponents, they had had adequate experience of British regulations, referees, grounds and weather, and yet for the greater part of the game they were on the defensive and were hard put to it to keep the Irishmen out.

The Irishmen very wisely refused to play the All Blacks at their own game; they played the orthodox game with the



orthodox formation and, as the result, they showed that vigorous, dashing forwards can break up the short, quick-passing combination with a plethora of backs on which the New Zealanders rely. From what I have seen of the New Zealand team, on both wet and dry grounds, I felt sure that this was possible. The dribbling rush is not the forte of the Colonial team, but, when properly carried out, there is no more difficult manoeuvre to deal with in Rugby football, especially on a heavy ground. The result of this match has more than ever convinced me that the England XV of 1923-24 was good enough to beat the All Blacks, and there is no reason why this year's team should not do the same, particularly as the match will take place, on January 3rd, at the end of the tour, when the New Zealand men will naturally be feeling the strain of their long and strenuous programme.

One most significant fact is that it was during the first half of the game, while the ball was comparatively dry and easy to handle, that the New Zealand defence was most severely tested. At half-time the rain came down in a deluge and ten minutes later two stupid mistakes by the Irishmen gave the visitors their chance. It began with a flying kick by Crawford, the Irish full-back, which enabled the All Blacks to set up an attack. The Irish forwards relieved the pressure temporarily, but a long kick by Svenson renewed it. Then H. Stephenson, in trying to clear, was collared with the ball, Masters dribbled on, passed to Svenson and the New Zealand wing three-quarter lived over the line. The kick at goal by Nepia was a poor attempt, probably the heaviness of the ball was partly responsible, but soon after the same player made amends for his failure by kicking a good penalty goal after Collopy had got off-side, not for the first time.

Three minutes later, F. Hewitt, the Irish stand-off half-back, was injured and had to retire. A forward had to be pulled out of the scrum to fill the gap in the back division, and the All Blacks began to have the best of matters. For all that, there was a glorious final ten minutes—the time when Irish forwards usually begin to crack—and once again the New Zealand men could only just manage to keep their line clear.

The New Zealand captain, Porter, was not playing, but the vice-captain, Richardson, who is one of the most popular members of the team and a magnificent forward, took his place as leader. Steel, the fastest of the three-quarters and a most difficult man to stop, also stood down, but there is not a great deal to choose between him and Svenson, who played a splendid game on this occasion. Of the other backs, Nepia was magnificent at full-back and saved his side repeatedly during the first half, besides

kicking very well all through the game. Nicholls, at five-eighths, was most effective and also kicked well. Dalley, the scrum-half and "brains" of the back division, was a great success and quite outplayed his *vis-a-vis*. Of the forwards, Richardson was about the best but was well backed up by the giants, Brownlie and Cupples. Parker, the wing-forward-half, who took the place of Porter, was off-side far too often.

Crawford, the Irish full-back, has never played better; his tackling was worthy of the occasion. The Stephensons, another of those pairs of brothers who have so often figured in Irish Rugby history, were also in great form; they were the most conspicuous successes of the back division. F. Hewitt, one of another pair and the stand-off half, played well up to the time he was hurt; but his colleague, McDowell, was not a success. Clinch and McVicker were the best of a splendid pack of forwards, and Crichton was as "admirable" as his name.

It need scarcely be said that the spectators at Lansdowne Road lived up to their reputation of being the most sporting crowd in the world and, when the game was over, both teams were cheered in a way they will not forget. From a British point of view, this first International match of the season was very satisfactory, but I fancy the New Zealand men were rather disappointed.

And now, what lessons can we learn from this match? First, I think, that we have the best chance of beating New Zealand if we are content to play our own game in our own way. With forwards at our disposal like Voyce, Blakiston and possibly Price, we can break away from the scrummage like lightning and join in the attack or "spoil" the opposing halves as required: there is no need to have a "rover," in imitation of the New Zealand formation. If we are tempted to try experiments and play an extra back—even if it be so useful a player as Lawton—we shall probably only upset our three-quarter line and lose more than we shall gain. There is little doubt that we have backs in this country equal to the Irish outsiders in experience and superior in speed and cleverness; the only remaining question is—have we forwards who can do what the Irishmen did last week? The answer is, Yes. The forwards who have represented England during the last year or two, under the able leadership of Wakefield, are not inferior to those of any other country, and, with the infusion of new blood to replace Luddington and possibly Edwards, who, though still a wonderful forward in many ways, is now well over thirty, they should be capable of getting the ball and beating the All Blacks in the loose play. I look forward to January 3rd with the utmost confidence.

LEONARD R. TOSSWILL.

## REINS

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. F. McTAGGART, D.S.O.

**I** FEAR we frequently hear it said, "Oh, So-and-so rides very well, he rides with such a nice long rein." I am glad to say that I think this idea is much less prevalent than it was. Why it should have ever been prevalent at all is one of those many mysteries that perplex us whenever we talk horsemanship.

First of all, whatever does it mean? Did it mean that the rider at the walk has long reins, then we would all be agreed at once. We do want long reins at this pace. But it is not applied to that at all. It is when the rider is jumping and the horse's head is free. This is what they refer to. If they see the reins flopping about throughout the parabola of the leap and on the impact of the land, then this remark comes out. We have heard it often. Heaven knows, freedom during the leap is the essence of horsemanship, but we also want control during the approach and contact throughout the jump; without which, approbation is misplaced.

It may surprise those critics to hear that the rule is, the bigger the leap, the shorter the reins. The length of the rein is, indeed, a very important matter, and far too little study is given to this point. The length of the stirrup leather is, possibly, the first consideration of balance in the saddle; but, undoubtedly, the second, running it very close for first place, is the length of the rein. The rules which apply to the one apply equally to the other. It is the law of preparedness. To be ready for the expected.

Thus, if we are hacking at a walk on a quiet horse or a tired hunter, it is absurd to expect anything "unexpected." We know we are only walking, and nothing else comes into our calculations. In such circumstances it would be wrong to ride with short reins or short stirrups. But supposing we are walking on a fresh horse to the starting post, then we have every reason to expect the "unexpected," and he who rides with long reins in such circumstances deserves all he gets.

If we glance at Fig. 1 we will see here a rider hacking along with an easy (but incorrect) seat. His reins are long, and he

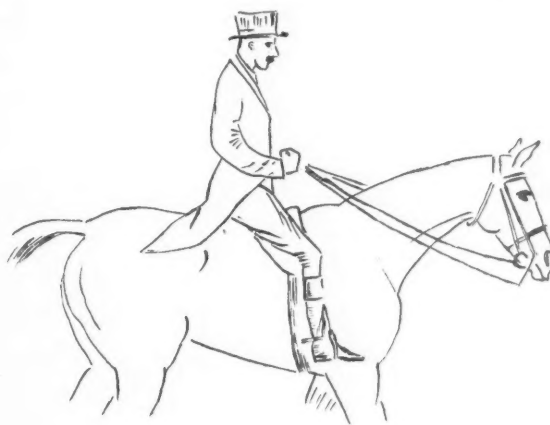


FIG. 1.

looks and feels both confident and comfortable. At this moment, however, his horse takes it into his head to give a little playful buck. Now, reins which are a suitable length for a horse with his nose stuck out are very troublesome indeed when it is pushed in. We know that, if we lose contact, he will be off and away. So, if the rider is fairly experienced, he overcomes the difficulty by getting into the position shown in Fig. 2. We must remember that the buck has come suddenly, and he has had no time to shorten his reins. So all he can do is to push his hands back as far as possible so that he can keep control on the horse's mouth, and throw his body forward so as to maintain his balance in

the saddle. This is his best solution, and it only works if we do not let the horse know the parlous state we are in. If we keep up the control, until we can shorten up, all is well; but if, in

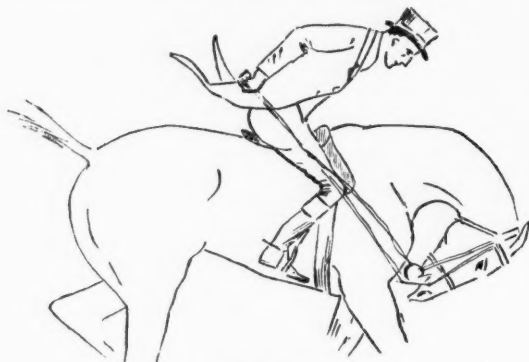


FIG. 2.

order to shorten up, we have to give him his head, it may be many yards before we can consider ourselves master of the situation. It can only be described as an expedient, not a solution.

If we find we are not ready enough to throw our bodies forward at this particular moment, then, alas! no other recourse is open to us but to assume the attitude depicted in Fig. 3. Of course, we may not lose our hats and we may not throw our hands quite so high or open our mouths, but I can assure all my friends that these things do occur, and not only do they occur, but that instantaneous photography has shown us over and over again that the figure is under rather than over drawn.

These are the only two things that can occur if the unexpected happens when we are riding with our reins too long.



FIG. 3.

But if we do happen to be having our reins the right length, let us look at Fig. 4. Here the "untoward" event has been met with perfect ease. We see both control and balance, and the horse and rider are "one." All this has nothing to do

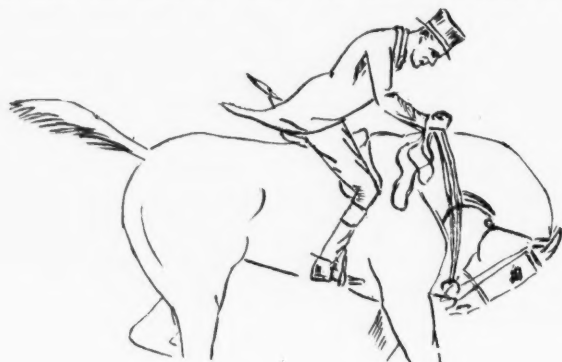


FIG. 4.

with anything except the length of rein. It does not matter how accomplished a rider may be, if he is caught with his reins wrong, he cannot help himself. On the other hand, an

inexperienced rider, if he is right in this particular when the buck or the shy does come, will find no difficulty in dealing with the situation. The subject is, however, far too complicated to be dismissed as easily as all this. The long rein is not a common fault in a beginner. It is rather that of the man who feels supremely confident and who is thoroughly at home in the saddle. The fault of the beginner is of riding with his reins too short.

There is nothing worse than seeing, as we often do, the rider trying to lead his horse along, *vide* Fig. 5. Here we see the over-short rein. But it is due to anxiety and lack of confidence

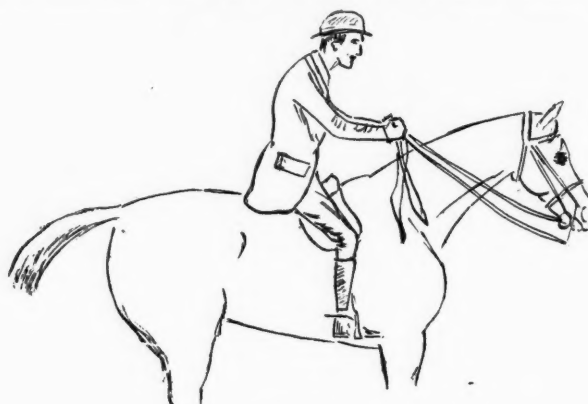


FIG. 5.

and as a rider increases in knowledge of what a horse can and does do it is usual for this uncomfortable attitude to disappear.

It may now well be asked what is the right length? It seems we must not ride short and we must not ride long, and the problem appears extremely difficult. The answer, although simple in principle, is difficult of expression. Perhaps the best reply is "preparedness." In riding-school work it is usual to give the word of warning "prepare to trot" before giving the actual command. The reason for this is that at the walk the class would be riding with fairly long reins. If the word "trot" were given without a preparatory signal, everyone would find their reins much too long, and confusion would result. So that before breaking into the trot it is necessary to get into a position of preparedness. And so it is with all our problems. We must be prepared. Just as the rule for the stirrup is to ride as long as possible, provided due allowance has been made for the expected, so the length of rein should be as long as possible, provided contact will be continuously maintained. Thus, supposing we are going to jump a small fence out of a canter, we need not shorten up so very much. But if we are going to take on something very big and are going to gallop at it, then we must shorten our reins very considerably.

The hands should ordinarily rest in the lap, but when we are engaged in active riding, and the horse's head gets into a variety of positions, this is not possible. We should then regulate the length so that, at the moment when the horse's head is most tucked in, the hands should just touch the coat button. But in making this rule we must remember that not only does the horse's head come in, but our bodies go forward, so that sometimes we have to shorten up our reins very much indeed. Much more so, in fact, than many people believe. It is this that so often causes trouble in jumping. We would like to get our bodies more forward, but we find our hands are in the way and, I think, it is this error which has caused more "faults" in the show ring than any other.

I have frequently advocated riding with reins that have been shortened by the saddler a couple of feet. The ordinary length is much too long, because the spare ends flap about and get in the way. But there is another reason which is a very strong one. If they are thus shortened, we shall find it quite easy to alter the hold without losing contact by merely separating the hands for an instant to the full extent of the rein and slipping the fingers along them. With ordinary reins this manoeuvre is quite impossible. We all know how often we have to keep on altering our grip on the reins, so that anything that makes it easier to do this is a matter that should not be overlooked. When jumping, too, the reins often slip through the fingers unintentionally. This is another point we ought to practise. Try to see that the reins are the same length after "the land" as before the "take off." There is, after all, no reason, when we come to think of it, why we should have less control after we have negotiated a fence than before we reached it.



# CORRESPONDENCE

## PROTECTION OF RARE BRITISH MAMMALS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was very glad to see a letter on this subject in a recent issue. The scarcity of the pine marten in the English Lake District is largely, if not entirely, due to the farmers, who say that it kills their sheep and lambs, whereas in nine cases out of ten it is their own cur dogs, hunting singly or, more often, in a pack at night, which do the damage. The tenth case should be put down to a fox, not to a pine marten, although I feel inclined to put even this to a cur dog or dogs. There is a law that dogs must be shut up at night, but, like many other laws, it is broken with impunity, for the majority of farmers' dogs are not shut up at all, but wander about at night and, naturally, get into mischief. There is also another law, hardly observed at all in the North of England, that dead sheep and lambs must be buried. Even if a farmer does bury his dead lambs it is usually in the manure heap, where the dogs can easily get at them. The writer once came across a pack of fifteen farmers' dogs and an Airedale in a pasture at one o'clock in the morning, feeding on a very dead sheep. They were inclined to be nasty, and had not the writer had a long experience with hounds, it might have gone badly with him. That sheep got more and more "dead," and farmers' dogs fed upon it almost every night until little but bones remained. This is only one case of many in which the writer has met with wandering farmers' dogs, single or in packs, during his nocturnal rambles. The police are helpless, for the dogs avoid roads and travel to and from their homes across country. Farmers acknowledge that dogs in packs do great damage to their sheep, but quite overlook the fact that in most cases the dogs belong to themselves or to their neighbours, and so the fox and the pine marten and even the badger and the otter have to pay the penalty as innocent victims.—H. W. ROBINSON.

## A CHESHIRE CHEESE FARM IN 1720.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It occurs to me that the readers of COUNTRY LIFE may be interested by perusing the following copy of an "appraisement" made just over two hundred years ago:

"An Inventory of the Goods Cattells and Chattells yt Owin Gardner late of Crowton in ye County of Chester yeom dyed possessed of Appraised and vallued by us whose names are hereunto subscribed the 26th. day of March Ano Dm 1720.

|  |    |    |   |
|--|----|----|---|
| Eight Cows 2 Heffers and a Bull..  | 28 | 0  | 0 |
| Two old Geldings & one Mare & two Colts and Gears ..   | 07 | 0  | 0 |
| One old Long Cart and wheels two muck carts & wheels and two pair of muck cart wheels & draughts and plow & Irons two harrowes & an old pair of waggon wheels some spokes & a parcell of cogs for a Mill wheel all to .. | 06 | 0  | 0 |
| A Botham of a Stack of Heay ..   | 01 | 10 | 0 |
| One axe one mattock & all other implements of Husbandrie ..  | 00 | 5  | 0 |

In the House

|  |    |    |   |
|--|----|----|---|
| One Clock and Case ..  | 03 | 0  | 0 |
| One Long Table & a form one Dresser with Drawers, and one little cupboard, two screens, one Oval table, one Joynt cheair & seavon other Cheairs .. | 1  | 13 | 4 |
| Six Peuter Dishes and all other peuter   | 0  | 10 | 0 |
| Two brass potts two small pann's one Brass Kettle and all other brass-ware and a warming pan a Iron pott ..  | 1  | 14 | 0 |
| One Grate & a pair of tongues pot racks & all harthware ..   | 0  | 13 | 4 |
| Two flitches of bacon ..   | 0  | 10 | 0 |

In the Buttery

|   |    |    |   |
|---|----|----|---|
| One Salting turnell one Eshen pann mugs and other earthen ware and two old lantorns.. | 0  | 10 | 0 |
| In the chamber over the house and buttery   |    |    |   |
| One pair of bed-stocks a chaff bed & other bedding ..                                 | 0  | 10 | 0 |
| A parcell of barley supposed to be 20 measures ..                                     | 2  | 10 | 0 |
| Eighty-two Cheeses ..   | 18 | 0  | 0 |
| In the chamber at ye upper end of the house   |    |    |   |
| One pair of bed-stocks curtains vallances & all bedding ..                            | 2  | 0  | 0 |
| One hanging press & one chest & old cheair ..   | 0  | 10 | 0 |
| One other pair of bed-stocks & bedding ..   | 0  | 12 | 0 |

|  |   |    |    |
|--|---|----|----|
| In the kitchen   | £ | s. | d. |
| One Cheese tub one Churn one Eschin and a kann four Chessells & a kneading trough & all couperie ware .. | 0 | 16 | 0  |
| One cheese press & a table & two cheese planks and shilves ..  | 0 | 6  | 0  |
| A small furince pann ..  | 0 | 8  | 0  |
| A Spinning wheel ..  | 0 | 4  | 0  |
| In Linens & Nappery ware ..  | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| Saddles Bridles, the deced's wearing apparill & purse ..   | 2 | 2  | 0  |
| A small parcell of Kennell, muck dounge & all lumber ..  | 0 | 6  | 8  |

|   |    |    |   |
|---|----|----|---|
| Tot ..  | 80 | 10 | 4 |
| Appraisors John I H Hickson his marks Wm. Blackmore |    |    |   |

This document is quaintly written on a sheet of faded paper, which has been backed by linen; the ink is rather faint, so deciphering the calligraphy has required patient and close scrutiny. An "eshen" or "eshin" is a wooden pail or shallow tub. It appears that they went to bed with the barley and slept alongside the cheeses; further, no "cheair" is in evidence in that utility apartment. Some generations back the document "went to cover" among the leaves of a large and well preserved copy of "Tim Bobbin's Human Passions Delineated"—CHARLES ROWED.

## THE PALMERS OF DORNEY COURT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—My attention has only been recently directed to the illustrated article on Dorney Court which appeared in your issue of August 2nd, and it was suggested to me that the following details and accompanying illustration may prove of additional interest to the account given of the Palmer family. The illustration is from an oil painting by Zoffany, in my possession, and depicts my great-grandfather, General William Palmer, leaning towards his wife, Beebee Izg Begum, a Princess of the Royal House of Delhi, who is seated, nursing their youngest child, Hastings, while on her left is William, the elder son, and to the right their little daughter Mary. Reclining on the General is the Begum's sister and standing behind her is a lady-in-waiting, the other two figures being native women attendants. General (then Major) Palmer had been confidential secretary to Warren Hastings and subsequently became Resident of Gwalior from 1791 to 1794 and took part in many of the most eventful scenes in early Anglo-Indian history. He died May 20th, 1816, and the Begum on May 22nd, 1828. He appears to have belonged to a collateral branch of the Palmers of Dorney, since the crest and coat of arms of both are identical. And one is led to suppose that the original of Zoffany's portrait may have been a younger son, on his

side of the family, who migrated to India. I have always understood that he originated in Huntingdon, where members of the family lie buried. I have also in my possession the Begum's title roll in Persian characters, which bestowed on me certain privileges when, as a girl, I resided at Hyderabad. It having descended to me as the only daughter of my grandfather's eldest son. My grandfather, William Palmer, became a well known banker at Hyderabad and had, as one of his partners, Horace Rumbold, grandfather of the present British Ambassador of that name. The firm advanced enormous sums to the Government of the then Nizam of Hyderabad and were practically ruined in consequence of being unable to obtain repayment, notwithstanding that judgment was given in their favour by the House of Lords. This is a matter of history. His, Mr. Palmer's, daughter married Colonel Meadows Taylor, who spent an adventurous life in India and whose book on the Thugs created a great sensation at the time.—HESTER EILOART (née PALMER).

## A CAT'S DILEMMA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Perhaps some of your readers may be interested in the novel nursery selected by our cat for her kittens. We had recently left our old home, and, apparently, "Flapper" had settled down comfortably in the new one but she decided that her kittens must be born in her ancient haunts. For nearly a month she defied all our efforts to discover their whereabouts until, becoming bored with them, she tried to tell us that we were wanted to help her. She spoke continually and very plainly, but our human stupidity prevented our understanding her needs. At last, she was seen walking down the roof of the old ivy-clad house to a spot where, immediately under the shooting, a little black head was discovered. A long ladder was procured for the gardener's ascent, and he was met by a perfect volley of violent spits from three large and very healthy kittens, who, for the first time in their lives, beheld a human face. Two spitting, swearing, struggling little demons, with sharp claws and open mouths, were brought down on the first journey, while their hardly less violent sister awaited her turn, and the mother looked on with satisfaction. She had got what she wanted, her babies were now on solid ground, and the stupid human beings could help her to provide for them.—E. M. F.

## BRIDLE PATHS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Could you very kindly tell me if there is any book dealing with bridle paths? I have got Hunter's "Open Spaces and Rights of Way, etc.," but should much like to have a book on the historical side, if such exists.—H. S. COLT.



THE PALMER FAMILY, BY ZOFFANY.

## THE GLORY THAT WAS KERSEY.

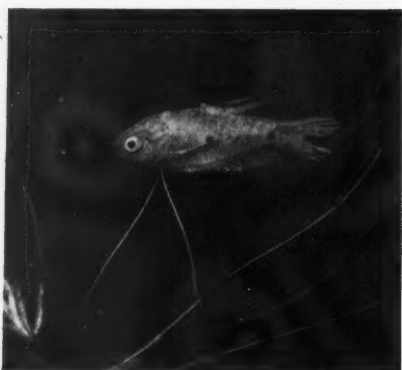
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This is a photograph of old cottages at Kersey in mid-Suffolk. The village was at one time a prosperous centre of the cloth-making industry formerly carried on in East Anglia. Popular tradition has it that the industry was started by immigrants from the Low Countries during the reign of Edward III, but an eminent Suffolk archaeologist has recently shown that cloth was being woven during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Kersey gave its name to a plain, hard-wearing material subsequently manufactured in other places. Witness Biron in "Love's Labour's Lost." He declares his preference for "russet yeas and honest kersey noises" to the "taffeta phrases" of the Court.—F. A. GIRLING.

## JUMPING TO LAY EGGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the curious thread-like fish (*Pyrrhulina filamentosa*) from northern South America, several of which are to be seen in the Tropical Hall at the Zoo aquarium. Except for the fact that two long and thread-like filaments arise from the lower and front part of the body, the fish is in no way remarkable in external appearance; but its habits are unique inasmuch as the female deposits her eggs upon aquatic vegetation overhanging the water, leaping out of the water when thus engaged. During the incubating period the eggs are kept moist by the male, which splashes water over them with his tail, and in due course the young ones hatch out and fall into the water beneath.



AN UNORTHODOX FISH.

Captive specimens, however, do not indulge in this peculiar method of dealing with their eggs, but attach the same to the sides of the aquarium.—B.

## A DISASTER ON DERG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have been over to fish on Lough Derg during the May-fly season for the last eleven years, for I was, alas! too old to join up. I began by dapping, and I was so fishing when I met with a great disaster. I have always stayed at the very excellent Lough Derg Hotel, at the delightfully named hamlet of Dromineer, four miles from Nenagh station. This most comfortable hotel is on the Tipperary shore, the southern; but on the day of which I am about to write, the lake being in a kindly mood, I had crossed to Bun Lochy, a very beautiful bay on the northern or Galway side and a first-rate place for fishing, given the right wind. Just before lunch there came a tremendous splashing rise at my dap, and the fish on being hooked went straight down. He never took out one single yard of line, but remained deep down, giving me a steady, dead pull and a very heavy one. I had no power to move him in the least, and we drifted slowly before a light breeze, Bill Collins, my then boatman, having so manœuvred as to enable me to get the fish behind the boat. Never a wriggle, never a movement did he make, but simply lay on my hands like a lump of lead. After about ten minutes—anxious ones, too—the line suddenly slackened and he was gone—the hook had broken at the bend through some flaw, I suppose. Little was said, and that in very subdued tones, for the loss of what was probably the fish of my lifetime was a matter too deep for mere words. I have caught many trout up to 6lb., but never one that I did not feel doing something at the



THE HOME OF KERSEYMERE.

other end. As a matter of fact, one can usually make a fair guess at the size of a hooked fish by its activity, which is, as a rule, in inverse proportion to its weight, one of 5lb. seldom racing off with the line or leaping as does another, say, of half that weight. The hook breaking in a fish that may have been anything up to 8lb. or more—for I have seen several of this size caught in this particular bay and afterwards weighed—may be fairly described as a disaster. To me it was a severe one, and it remains so to this day. I may say here that after one day's dapping pure and simple I had had enough, and kept a dry-fly rod all ready to hand, so as to be able to cast to a fish rising near the boat, as one cannot do this with a blow line and natural flies; and I may add that after a very short time I discontinued dapping altogether and took up dry-flying solely, and have never regretted the change.—FRANCIS HAYES.

## A COUNTRY OCCUPATION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Could any of your correspondents kindly suggest an occupation for the country—that is to say, apart from poultry-keeping, gardening, charitable works, Boy Scouts or Girl Guides, Braille for the blind, hunting, shooting, fishing, rug-making, dog-breeding,

reading, women's institute work, housekeeping music, or the arts? I am afraid this sounds cynical, but I should like to do something useful, over which I should not lose money. I am not very strong, so it is difficult to find the right thing. Could anyone tell me about scent making and distilling?—XERXES.

## A WHITE STARLING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Recently, there was seen near the village of Gateford, Nottinghamshire, by a perfectly reliable observer, a white starling. This bird was of a uniform creamy white throughout its entire plumage. It did not appear to have a single dark feather anywhere.—CLIFFORD W. GREATOREX.

## THE MELBOURNE ART GALLERY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Following on your admirable article on Australia a week or two ago, I send you a photograph of one of the latest acquisitions of the Melbourne Art Gallery. It is Sargent's "Hospital at Granada," exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1913, and bought by Mr. Frank V. Linder by means of the Felton bequest.—HOBART.



SARGENT'S "HOSPITAL AT GRANADA," ACQUIRED BY THE FELTON BEQUEST.



# THE SOUTH AFRICAN RIVIERA.—I

THE CAPE PENINSULA.

Yesterday you had a song  
I could not choose but hear.  
'Twas "Oh to be in England  
Now that April's there."  
But I have found a new refrain  
I cannot choose but sing  
'Tis "Oh to be in Africa  
Now Summer's on the wing."

THE opportunities offered by South Africa as a winter resort are strangely neglected by the leisured classes in Europe. Year by year a great exodus takes place to the shores of the Mediterranean. But winter is winter even in Southern Europe. I have a lively recollection of a February at Cannes when it rained steadily every day for a fortnight. If the climate is doing its damndest in England, the chances are that it will be very indifferent in Southern France. In South Africa there are no troubles and uncertainties of this kind. The farmer up-country may be distracted by the non-appearance of rain when he has a right to expect it, but complaints of a wet summer are never heard in the Cape Peninsula. The spring, brief and beautiful, sweeps across the land in September. In her train comes a wealth of flowers which range unexpectedly from the primrose and other hardy English favourites to the exotic blooms of the gardenia and hibiscus. Summer takes possession in November; then months of splendid weather set in. Day after day the sun rises in a cloudless sky of blue.

But it is not only an unrivalled climate which South Africa has to offer. No less striking are the natural beauties of the country. I have had some experience of travel in different parts of the world, and I say unhesitatingly I know nothing finer than the scenery of the Cape Peninsula and the districts which lie about the gateway of South Africa. Table Mountain, flanked to left and right by the Devil's Peak and the Lion's Head, arrests the eye of the newcomer as he makes a first acquaintance with Cape Town from the sea. The amethyst mass of Table Mountain outlined against a deep indigo background shelters, but does not crush, the friendly city at its feet. A chain of rugged peaks, known as the Twelve Apostles, detach themselves from the western side of Table Mountain. They sit like worn giants thrusting their knees into the sea, and under their shadow begins the coast drive which has no equal in the world. Mountains, forests, vineyards, sea, old Dutch houses, mellow and gracious, set about with stately oaks—all combine into an enchanting scene. For ninety miles you may drive round the Peninsula to Cape Point and back. A remarkable piece of engineering has cut this superb *corniche* round the face of Chapman's Peak, where the rocks, red and menacing, rise sheer for hundreds of feet above the road, and the huge rollers of the South Atlantic dash themselves on the rocks hundreds of feet below. Southern



RIDING TRIUMPHANTLY.

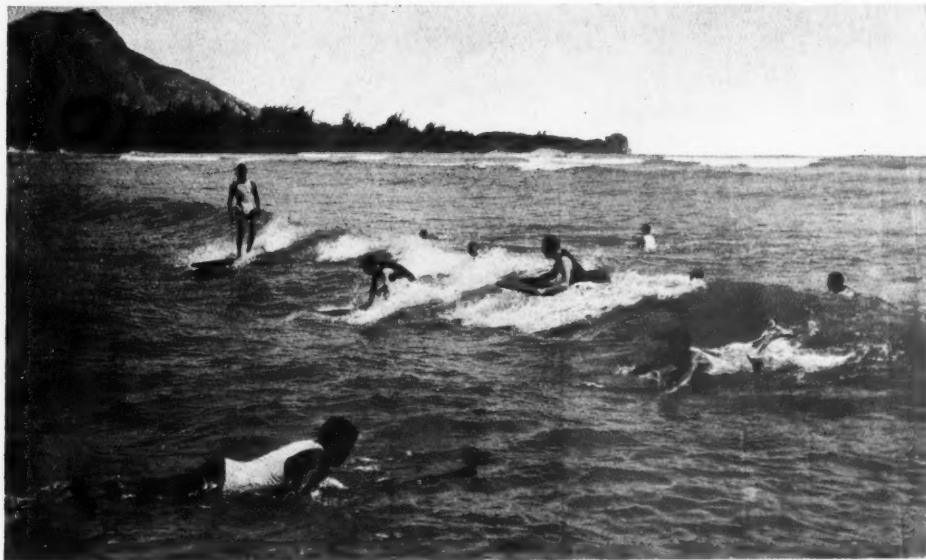
Europe has nothing in natural magnificence to touch this drive.

Cape Town has, to the west and east, a varying set of seaside resorts. At Sea Point, four miles, and Camps Bay, five miles from Cape Town to the west, the water is 12° colder than at Muizenberg, sixteen miles away across the Flats on the shores of False Bay. The coast scenery round Sea Point is wild and rugged, and a terrific sea beats in on the rocks. Muizenberg is altogether milder and is blessed with a beautiful sandy beach, of which more anon. A railway line connects Cape Town with Simon's Town, the naval station, twenty-two and a half miles away, and the eastern suburbs of Cape Town lie along this route. The houses wind round the mountain without a break from Cape Town to Wynberg, eight miles distant. The districts of Rondebosch, Newlands, Claremont, are very beautiful. At Wynberg open country is reached again with an occasional house standing in its grounds. The great cliffs of the mountain, thickly wooded in their lower stages, form an incomparable background to the changing scene. Groot Constantia, the celebrated residence of Simon van de Stel—now the Government wine farm—Tokai and Kirstenbosch are all in the neighbourhood of Wynberg.

In autumn and winter the Peninsula is aglow with heaths and proteas; spring brings the bulbs and a host of other flowers. A Cape garden can be a dream of beauty when tended with the affection and understanding which all good gardening implies. At Bishopscourt, the residence of the Archbishop of Cape Town, Mrs. Carter has called into existence a garden, the loveliness of which is the admiration and joy of everyone who sees it. Bishopscourt is an interesting old house, for, though little of the original building remains, this was in fact the country residence of Jan van Riebeeck, founder of the first Dutch settlement at the Cape in 1651. Bishopscourt, about seven miles from Cape Town, was then on the extreme limit

of the colony, and near at hand along the Constantia Nek road, year after year Van Riebeeck's boundary hedge of wild almonds springs up fresh and unconquered. From such small beginnings have spread the South Africa of to-day, in which the King's writ runs to the Zambesi and far beyond.

All varieties of climate may be found round Table Mountain. A south-easter may blow in Cape Town and yet not a leaf be stirred in Claremont on the other side. During the winter season Sea Point has a lesser rainfall than the eastern suburbs. In summer-time there is a considerable exodus to Muizenberg and the hotels at Kalk Bay and St. James for sea bathing. To bathing in northern latitudes some of the austere values of the cold bath are normally attached. It is an exhilarating experience, but not one to linger over. At Muizenberg during the summer you may



THE JOY OF SURFING.

spend the day in and out of the water and be none the worse. I am inclined to think that the joys of surfing are sufficient return alone for the journey out from Europe. For surfing is the ski-ing of the seas. A surf board and a good roller offer sport as worthy as any alpine slope.

Surfing demands a sandy beach of uniform level, warm water and a succession of roller waves. Muizenberg fulfils all these conditions to perfection. I, for one, know no delight greater than to time your wave properly; to hurl yourself at the exact moment on your surf board; to ride in triumphantly on the crest of the great roller, and to be landed high and dry and breathless on the beach. Though let me hasten to say such moments of triumph are few and far between for the beginner. More often than not you do not time the wave properly and the wave ducks you remorselessly. The Indian Ocean does not toy with you in any infantile mood. It delights to thump and buffet you and turn you upside down heels in the air. And there are exciting moments when, in Mr. Hardy's words, "the front sea meets the back sea," and if you happen to be standing at the meeting place—well, it is not the Indian Ocean which gives way. There is immense exhilaration in this battle with the wind and the waves: but I do not advise anyone to bathe alone. The coast has its dangers, the backwash at times is strong, and circumspection is very desirable in strange waters.

"What are we to do with ourselves if we go to the Cape?" is a question I am often asked. Let me admit at once that the Continental *plage*, with its band, casino and gambling facilities, is missing in South Africa, and I see no likelihood of its installation on any adequate scale. There is no one obvious spot for loafing and a display of smart clothes. At the same time a variety of amusements exist for those to whom the natural beauties of the Peninsula do not suffice. The active can indulge, if so minded, in rock climbing, and the ascent of Table Mountain by orthodox routes presents no difficulties to a good walker. For those who prefer their exercise nearer sea level, there are excellent hard courts for lawn tennis, and the lawn tennis played at the Cape reaches a high standard, even among the amateurs. Sea fishing with a rod is to be had from the rocks all round the coast. It is an inexpensive amusement, and the size and game-ness of the fish offer new material for yarns which will stagger the fisherman at home. There is a good eighteen-hole golf course at Wynberg and a new course has been laid out at Mowbray. Excellent race meetings are held at Kenilworth and Milverton. The Cape Hunt Club has had a long and distinguished career, and the jackal, so I am assured, is worthy of pursuit as well as the fox. It is in all matters of sport that the British soldiers, formerly quartered in South Africa, are most missed. But the military affairs of the Union are now in the hands of her own Defence Force, though the sailors at Simon's Town remain as a symbol of the Imperial unity and of the long arm of Britain's sea power.

Social life at the Cape is particularly attractive. During the Parliamentary session Cape Town is full of notabilities, and there is much pleasant entertaining. It is not only that South Africans have a genius for hospitality, but the whole atmosphere has something serene and old-world about it. The great days of Dutch rule have left a tradition of courtesy and good breeding which lives on even in this age of change and hustle. And, furthermore, like all good traditions, it permeates from top to bottom. There is nothing rough or aggressive about the porter, the taxi-man and the bus conductor, and brusqueness is so rare that it becomes conspicuous. The racial feuds which smoulder do not affect the visitor, who is left wondering why people so pleasant can be so bitter about nationality.

Pleasant excursions may be made from Cape Town to the old Dutch settlements near at hand. Improved roads and the spread of the motor have opened up the districts of Stellenbosch, Paarl, French Hoek, Groote Drakenstein to a degree which seemed unthinkable twenty years ago. Stellenbosch is about thirty miles from Cape Town and was founded by Simon van der Stel in 1681—the first settlement outside the limits of the Peninsula. It is a pleasant old town, though the spacious eighteenth century houses have in many cases lost their gables and thatched roofs. If corrugated iron has relaxed its grip somewhat in Cape Town, it still holds the Dutch districts in thrall. The beautiful natural surroundings remain, however, unimpaired, and on a hot day the great oaks which shade the streets make of Stellenbosch a green and leafy retreat which might have won the praise of Andrew Marvel.

This is *par excellence* the district of fruit and wine. The fertile valleys from which South African fruit is finding its way into the markets of Europe and America lie among various ranges of low hills—the Hottentot Hollands, the Drakenstein, the

Stellenbosch Mountains. Sometimes the hills glow like an opal; sometimes they change colour before one's eyes, fading from deepest indigo to tender foxglove. The white houses of the fruit farmers hide themselves among the oaks and pine trees. Here, too, are interesting old houses, in some cases owned by well known figures in South African life. Mr. Merriman and Sir Thomas Smartt beat their political swords into ploughshares on adjoining farms near Stellenbosch. Close at hand Lord de Villiers lives at Rustenberg. At Laresford, near Somerset West, Mr. Jagger owns one of the most beautiful gardens in South Africa, and across the river dividing the two estates Vergelegen, recently acquired by Sir Lionel Phillips, will doubtless, under Lady Phillips' care, be made worthy of its historic past.

The mail steamer takes seventeen days from Southampton to Cape Town, and I am not concerned in any way to minimise either the length or the expense of the journey. Distance—and even more than distance, the necessarily rather high fares—handicap and will continue to handicap South Africa severely in competing with European pleasure resorts. Sailing by the Union Castle line, whose steamers rank with the finest ships in the world, the fare for a first-class return ticket works out at about £90, but this covers the entire expenses for over a month, plus a glorious health-giving holiday. The Aberdeen, the White Star and the Blue Funnel lines are all offering very desirable competition with the mail service. Their boats are comfortable and well found and the fares are somewhat lower; but the journey takes two or three days longer than by mail steamer. Generally speaking, it is a fine-weather passage from England to the Cape, though the North Atlantic may give you a slap in the face by way of farewell and the South Atlantic greet you near Cape Town with her own special swell. The journey should present few terrors, however, to even a moderate sailor. The excellent Union railways, under the management of



SHOPPING AT DURBAN.

Sir William Hoy, will carry the enterprising traveller from the Cape to the Zambesi punctually and efficiently, with food and comforts on the way. The possibilities of the future are boundless so far as the tourist traffic is concerned, especially if Sir William Hoy will see his way to creating a series of good railway hotels which would open up beautiful districts like the Knysna which are crying out for development. Looking back over twenty-five years, I am conscious of the vast strides made since my first introduction to a South African hotel. During the next few years probably a further speeding up will take place.

But there is an exchange of ideas more valuable even than the exchange of commerce. We live in times when thought is on the march and the ignorant and the laggard may easily lose sight of the tents and the goal for which the caravan is heading. If the British Commonwealth is to endure, its anchors must drag deep into the sympathies and understanding of the men and women at home and overseas. Scattered as we are about the Seven Seas, at great distances from one another, swift and easy communication is vital to the spiritual unity of the Empire. For we are all concerned in one of the most novel and exciting ventures in citizenship the world has ever known—an Empire free from the harsh and dominating values once attached to the word. The true shuttle of our Imperial destiny lies in a growing perception of what each unit has to give the whole, and the power of that whole in turn to use its knowledge, its sympathy, its experience, in the broader service of humanity.

As one who loves South Africa, I would fain see her play no mean part in a destiny so conceived. VIOLET MARKHAM.



## SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

## THE COLLEY FORE-END ELEVATOR (contributed).

MANY sportsmen who are troubled with the common fault of shooting below their game are not recognising the advantage to be gained by the use of the deepened fore-end. An experienced sportsman states: "I am of opinion that shooting low is caused more from the hand lifting the gun not reaching the intended elevation than from any other fault," and this is now being recognised as correct. Imagine the case of three men and one gun. No. 1, to whom the gun belongs, says the gun exactly fits him. No. 2 takes the same gun and, in putting it up at a mark, states that the gun is of no use to him as it would shoot high. No. 3 then takes the gun and upon presenting it at the same mark states that the gun would be of no use to him because it would shoot too low. Now what is the reason for this? The men are presumably of the same height and build, but the gun would shoot differently with each user. No. 1 the gun fits so it needs no comment. In the case of No. 2 the gun is shooting high and you ask him when the gun is brought up to the mark to lower his left hand half an inch, and he says "Now the gun is right but it was too high before." You say to No. 3 when he has presented the gun at the mark, "Raise your hand half an inch," and he then says "Now the gun is right, its muzzles are well up to the mark and I can shoot with it." Therefore the alteration in the left hand in each case has corrected the faults in the gun. As in seventy-five per cent. of the cases the trouble is the fault in No. 3, that is, the gun is shooting low, we will deal with this exclusively. The general method employed to alter a gun shooting low is to steam the stock at the grip and so soften the wood that the stock can be bent up or straightened and usually an improvement to the shooter results, but a stock bent up in this manner produces faults in the gun which are inherent to the alteration for the simple reason that the trouble never was in the stock or at the breech end—the alteration is in the wrong place. In each of the cases Nos. 1, 2 and 3 the cheek of the shooter, with the one gun came in the same place to the face of the stock and the eye was in the same place in relationship to the barrels. The alteration in straightening the stock raises the line of vision from being parallel to the barrels, consequently alignment is weakened as shown by the following illustration, namely,



C is the object aimed at. B is the position of the shooter's eye before alteration. A is the position of the shooter's eye after the stock has been straightened. The more the stock is straightened to bring the muzzles up to the object—and sometimes it is as much as an inch or even more—so is the eye of the shooter raised above the line of the barrels to equal the height the stock is raised, consequently the loss of alignment is serious and is a great handicap to the shooter. But why should any alteration be made to the stock or breech end of the gun when it is already correct and when the fault in No. 3 can be easily remedied at its source without any handicap but with every advantage to the user? If the alteration is made where the trouble exists and the fore-end is deepened to raise the lift of the left hand of No. 3 to the required height, the fault is remedied immediately without any loss of alignment and the shot is centred well on the object instead of passing below it. The natural alteration by the deepened fore-end gives a sense of assurance to the shooter because he is conscious his gun is correct at every angle and he feels that whatever other faults he may have, the cardinal one of shooting low is eliminated. M. HORNE.

## SOME CRITICISMS.

This article contains a number of positive assertions and what seem to be regarded as justifiable conclusions from the facts as stated, and yet it leaves me with the sense of a non-proven case. I do not suggest that what may be called fat fore-ends are a mistake. The late Mr. W. Baden-Powell had them fitted to a number of his guns and was eloquent on the better grip they ensured and the comfortable hand-full they afforded, this preventing the fingers from getting in the line of aim. Where the above article appears to be lacking in argument is that it does not deal with the obvious rejoinder that if a man has not lifted the gun high enough with the left hand what prevents him lifting it the necessary amount higher? In a word he treats the left hand as a fixed fulcrum. All birds are not at the same elevation, hence the shooter is called upon to aim at every angle from the ground level to vertically aloft. If the common fault is to aim, say, a foot low at twenty yards, (about one degree of angle), the false adjustment is surely brought about by eye control of the gun muzzles in relation to the bird, so that no matter what packing may be added to the fore-end the left hand continues to do as it is bidden by the eye. Most guns have barrels of such stiffness that when sight is taken from the slot of the top-lever screw (which is known as a pin) and thence to the foresight the mark on the target is approximately centred by the pattern. In practice the shooter does not get his eye so

low down, so that he adds the equivalent of a quarter-inch height of back-sight. This would raise the level of impact on a target at 40yds. range by 1ft., hence the shooter might see that much daylight between objective and muzzles, while still hitting the mark. The fact that birds are moving does not really make any difference, for it merely shifts the objective to an imaginary point: above, below, or to the right or left of the object to be hit. Accepting the proposition that most missing is done below, what does it mean? Either that the shooter sees too much sky-space between muzzles and bird, or else that he forgets to make the needful forward allowance, which in most cases involves covering the bird with the muzzles. If the fault is persistent the gun-fitter has no alternative but to make the gun throw high, knowing that he will handicap the shooter when taking crossing shots and those going away on a non-rising line of flight. The usual plan is so to shape the stock that the eye is forced into looking over the breech from a high elevation. This Mr. Horne says is wrong, but I cannot see, if the fault is in the shooter's eye-control of the aim, how packing up the fore-end will bring about a cure. Certainly, there seems to be a hitch somewhere in the theoretical exposition of his idea. I cannot argue the case of the three shooters, for apparently the gun is a perfect fit for all, and that being so it is solely a question of their skill as shooters to bring the muzzles into ordinary relation with the mark. The observations quoted would be true of a gun that did not fit, that is which prevented the eye from attaining its proper line of view over the breech. In presenting my own difficulties I am hoping not to land myself into a voluminous correspondence with Mr. Horne such as I had on another subject about fifteen years ago. At the time unlimited columns were available to house our wordy combat, but the condition does not exist to-day. Our best thanks are undoubtedly due to him for coming forward in this open way and enabling us to discuss a matter where I did not care to butt in uninvited.

## A BRIGHTER PERIOD FOR SHOOTING.

The General Election has caused a sad interruption to shooting fixtures of the kind where partridges and pheasants are mixed in those wonderful drives which take place in country where little bits of plantations and timber belts spread out among the arable land. However, as the weather has shown no signs of settling down into the autumnal calm which has marked so many years of the past decade or more, but instead has repeated last season's blustrous ordeals, there is always room for hope that postponement will have been for the good. Certainly, everyone in any way interested in shooting will get to work after the interruption with a zest proportionate to the feeling of relief that the brooding cloud of Socialist threats has been lifted for a definite number of years. An enormous industry owes its life-blood to the nation's addiction to field sports. Those intimately concerned, whether as patrons or servitors, are in no doubt as to the national benefits resulting. If our country has at any time to be re-organised so that no work shall be tolerated unless it ministers to the requirements of the million, the immense money-drawing organisation of sport would be one of the first to go. Whether the services so set free could be directed into other uses is a problem, but on behalf of the body of labour which ministers to sport it can be safely said that nothing but calamity would result. From the economic point of view one of our valuable exports, so to speak, is the enjoyment we can sell to wealthy foreigners, if indeed such a description can apply to the American hosts who seek sport in our little island of a quality they cannot procure in their own continent. Our own emigrants of the past likewise come home to enjoy and spend with us the wealth they have gained in distant countries, whether within or outside the Empire. Land proprietorship has received some rude shocks of late years, but even so a fine nucleus remains for re-organising the system on modified lines. Possibly, the large estate which exceeds sporting requirements may be a thing of the past, but a well chosen domain of 2,000 acres to 4,000 acres, backed by plenty of outside capital, remains the best pleasure that money can buy. There are many in humble positions who have thought deeply and seriously on social and other problems during the period of uncertainty, and they will be relieved to know that a substantial majority has cast its votes in favour of a system which *inter alia* makes our country the best and most profitable pleasure resort in the world. Wrapped up with the best enjoyment of sport is the prosperity of the agricultural community. Under a stable and non-adventurous government their needs may well receive the attention which is essential at the moment. Conceivably, the assistance which can most readily be enlisted is a renewal of those aids from a discerning and interested landlord which are only properly appreciated now that they have in so many instances been withdrawn. Sport as an industry has no great pull at the polling booths, but as long as national affairs are in the hands of those who appreciate the involved problem of agricultural efficiency the lesser interest will receive attention. Meanwhile, the feeling of confidence which is bound to prevail cannot but produce an immediate revival of enterprise.

## THE ESTATE MARKET A BUOYANT FEELING

**C**HEERFULNESS has marked dealings during the last few days, and, if the General Election did after all somewhat interfere with the holding of auctions, it had no appreciable retarding influence on private negotiations. Now that the political factor is out of the way, there is every prospect of a great flow of business, and there is yet time this year to take advantage of the better outlook, and, having regard to the very satisfactory tendency which has prevailed throughout the year, the course of business is now looked forward to with great confidence. Firms which have adhered to their original plans, and made arrangements for auctions this month and next, will probably reap the reward of their foresight and determination, and materially add to the aggregates which, with more or less detail, they will indicate when the time comes to sum up the trend of the market in the present year. It will not be surprising if an immediate improvement in the demand for agricultural property is one of the first symptoms of the change in the general outlook.

Adding up the areas of landed estates particularised in a summary of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's list of current offers, it reveals a total of considerably over 750,000 acres of English and Scottish land. Of course moors and forests account for a large extent, but there are in the list hundreds of thousands of acres of first-rate English property, admittedly of high excellence residentially and agriculturally. Transactions week by week are taking out items of importance, so that the total one week will seldom be found to be composed exactly of the same components as in that preceding it. In the last few days, for instance, nearly four square miles near Hastings, and Membland Hall, Devon, have changed hands, and areas less impressive in acreage, but of equal or possibly greater value, have been dealt with, among them land in Hammersmith.

Coghurst estate, 2,500 acres, on the outskirts of Hastings, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Bray and Son, to a client of Messrs. Parsons and Bodin, the sale includes the mansion, twenty-five farms and small holdings, as well as a large area of building land.

Sir William Creswell Gray, Bt., a few days before his death, which, we regret to state, occurred last Saturday, sold Membland Hall and 227 acres, the South Devon estate realising £8,510.

The executors of the late Mr. Robert H. C. Harrison have instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to sell Shiplake Court, the well known Berkshire house, designed by the late Mr. Ernest George. It is one of the finest examples of the work of an architect renowned for the best English work, and stands high above the Thames looking down towards Sonning. The estate includes about 330 acres of fertile land with a model farm and cottages.

Sir John Leigh, Bt., has decided to dispose of Lilleshall and Woodcote, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to submit them early next year. Between Shrewsbury and Stafford, the estates are of 3,000 acres. Lilleshall was once a seat of the Duke of Sutherland. In the Civil War Lilleshall was besieged, its towers battered down, and defenders killed. The ruins of the abbey, which adjoin the grounds, will be included in the sale, as well as the mansion and twenty-two farms.

The Manor of Colworth, near Bedford, passed in the fourteenth century to the Greene family, and, about the time of the Wars of the Roses, was confiscated by the Crown. Granted by Richard III to Thomas Lynom, in 1484, "for good services against the rebels," it was forfeited in the reign of Henry VII and passed to Sir Edward Montague. In about 1700 the Manor was purchased by Mark Antonio and his son built the principal portion of the present mansion. After passing to the Magniacs, and to William Clarence Watson, the estate became the property of the late Sir Albert E. Bowen, Bt., whose executors have instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer it by auction. The mansion has been described as "One of the most elegant Mansions in the County," and the estate, which has been maintained in a high state of cultivation for many years, is 2,337 acres. The whole village of Couldrop, nine farms and the contents of the mansion will be

sold next month, to be followed in the spring by the disposal of the farming stock.

### NORFOLK HOUSE: NOT FOR SALE.

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK intimates that "there is no truth in the announcement that Norfolk House is for sale." We have pleasure in giving publicity to Her Grace's statement, and would merely add that the baseless rumour has not appeared in the columns of COUNTRY LIFE.

Lord Kilmorey has sold No. 5, Alford Street, Mayfair, through Messrs. Hampton and Sons and Messrs. Curtis and Henson. It is a modern house with a noteworthy quadrangular staircase.

No. 1, Carlton Gardens, formerly occupied by the late Viscount Northcliffe, has been sold to Sir Walter Gibbons by Messrs. Wm. Grogan and Boyd, acting on behalf of Lady Hudson.

### LORD MIDDLETON'S PRIVATE SALES.

LORD MIDDLETON has authorised Messrs. Thurgood, Martin and Eve to conclude a contract with a client of Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock for the private sale of the Warwickshire estate, Middleton Hall, which was to have been submitted to auction at Birmingham this month. It is understood that after the tenants have had opportunities to buy their holdings what remains of the estate will be put up to public competition by the present purchaser.

Preparations are being made on behalf of Lord Middleton to bring a portion of the Newark estates under the hammer. In the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE on September 6th, we announced the sale of Wollaton Hall and 801 acres to the Corporation of Nottingham for £200,000. Messrs. Thurgood, Martin and Eve will, at Newark, on November 26th, offer 5,620 acres in South Muskham, Stapleford, Carlton-le-Moorland, and Beckingham.

The Hon. E. W. Parker has sold the Westfield House estate, Rugby, over 31 acres, to a client of Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, and the auction this month will be unnecessary.

The first three lots of Lutterworth Hall estate, between Rugby and Leicester, have been privately sold, since the auction, by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, including the residence and grounds and 11 acres of pasture.

Duporth, St. Austell, a Cornish estate of 94 acres, described in the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE on October 25th, was sold just after the auction by Messrs. Viner, Carew and Co. and Messrs. Tresidder and Co. for £8,250.

Almost all of the lots making up the 745 acres of the Barrells estate, Warwickshire, have been sold by Messrs. Ludlow, Briscoe and Hughes, at Birmingham, for a total of £26,520. Sales of Gloucestershire farms, reported this week, by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., include Upper Boxbush Farm, Longhope, 53 acres for £1,300, and Union Farm, Minsterworth, 74 acres, for £2,800. The Norwich auction of Elmham Hall and 102 acres, realised £5,375.

### BAPTON MANOR AND HERD SOLD.

SIR CECIL CHUBB has bought Bapton Manor, Wiltshire, 1,093 acres, from Mr. Deane Willis. He thus rounds off, in a highly gratifying manner, his recent purchase of the famous herd of Scotch Short-horns. His purchase of the herd anticipated and rendered unnecessary the auction which had been arranged by Messrs. John Thornton and Co., and his acquisition of the estate follows shortly after the auction held, by the same firm, in association with Messrs. Franklin and Jones and Mr. W. G. Millar. The associated firms have acquired another Wiltshire residence for Mr. Deane Willis. The impending sales were announced in COUNTRY LIFE, and attracted considerable attention on account of the value of the property and the importance of the herd.

Venters, a Tudor house and 100 acres at Rusper; Seaview House, on the coast in the Isle of Wight; Gatwick Manor and 40 acres at Lingfield; two freeholds in Walton-on-Thames; and, to the War Office, 200 acres at Bramley, Hampshire, have been sold by Messrs. Wilson and Co.

The old Georgian house at Nazeing, near Broxbourne, known as Goodalls Farm, and

7 acres, have been sold by Messrs. Squire Herbert and Co., who have also disposed of an even older house, called Ivy Cottage at Tylers Green, Beaconsfield.

Messrs. Thake and Paginton move to larger offices in Newbury to-day.

### AN ARCHITECTURAL GEM.

MR. P. MORLEY HORDER supervised the erection in 1907 of the delightful freehold at Gerrards Cross, styled St. Bernard, and described by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, who with Mr. Augustus Gibbons, will offer it at St. James's Square next Tuesday (November 11th) as "an architectural gem." The sale is on behalf of the late Mr. H. P. Mosley's executors, and affords a favourable chance of securing a comparatively small but especially perfect residence at a first-rate residential locality near London. Around the house are gardens, orchard and pasture, in all exceeding 4 acres, and close to well known golf courses. The house is on two floors of red brick, with oak half-timbering, and, detail though it may be, the care devoted to making it a thoroughly good building is revealed by the fixing of steel casements in the oak window frames, and the treatment of all the woodwork throughout the house with "Solignum" preservative. There are five bedrooms, two bathrooms, two staircases, and the reception rooms include one apartment 30ft. by 18ft. 9ins. This last is a noteworthy point, for it is a defect of so many modern houses that they have not one spacious room, adequate though the accommodation may be in most respects. Here is an apartment of ample proportions.

### MODERN PLASTERWORK.

WALTER CRANE'S own decoration of the saloon of Combe Bank, near Sevenoaks, mentioned in the Estate Market page a week ago, is a notable work in plaster. The late Dr. Spottiswoode commissioned Mr. Crane to do the work in 1880, and he had the help of the late Osmond Weeks and Messrs. Jackson and Sons. "It represented," says a correspondent, "the 'Signs of the Zodiac.'" This is not quite correct as to the design. As a matter of fact we have before us Mr. Crane's own sketch and description of the work, which he called "The Planets and Seasons." He took the trouble to record his method, stating that "The figure panels were all worked in gesso, or, rather, stucco, consisting of plaster of Paris, size and cotton-wool, upon fibrous plaster panels. Casting was used only for the repeating portions of the work; all the rest, both of the figure and ornamental work, was done in the stucco direct on the panels, which were worked in the studio, and afterwards put up." The colouring accorded with the general coloration of the saloon. Combe Bank has been, as has already been announced in these columns, sold, by Messrs. Harrods, Limited, to a religious body.

### WYPHURST, CRANLEIGH.

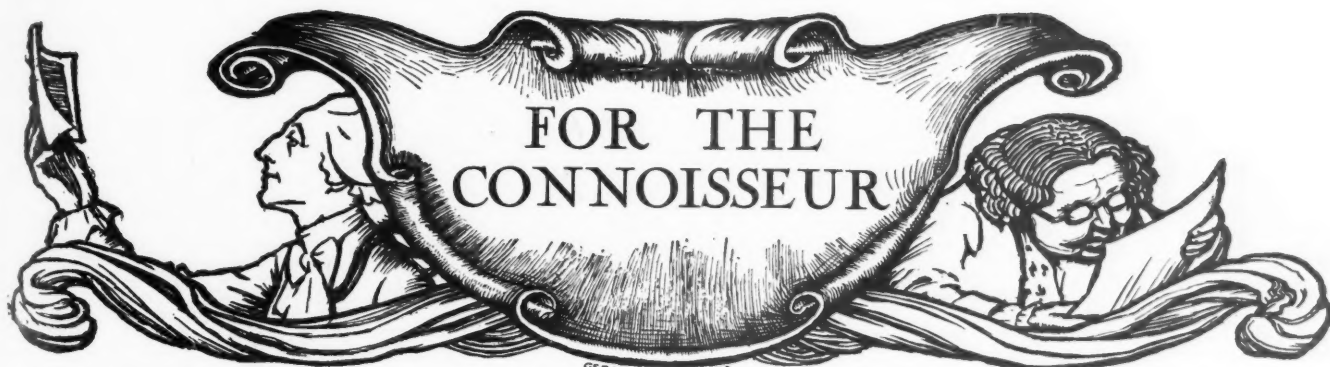
WYPHURST, the Surrey estate at Cranleigh, now in the hands of Messrs. Whatley, Hill and Co., for sale, is a property of about 840 acres, and has been divided into about forty lots in view of the possibility of an auction at Guildford on November 21st. The house and 90 acres are offered at an "upset" price of £20,000. Wyphurst has belonged to Sir Gerald Chadwyck-Healey's family for some time. The late Sir Charles Chadwyck-Healey, father of the present proprietor, reconstructed and added to the house and employed Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., as his architect. The work was carried out in 1907. Sir Gerald Chadwyck-Healey has decided to sell the property, and in order that the estate may be realised quickly it has been divided for the purposes of the sale into lots.

After Wyphurst the principal lot is Barhatch Farm, an old red brick manor of the Elizabethan period, situated on an excellent site and having views to the south.

High Canfold Farm is an interesting old house, probably of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and stands on an eminence in the centre of the lot. It is worth restoring, and is offered with vacant possession. The woods to the north of the estate, including Fowles Copse, are catalogued as Lot 6. They march with the boundaries of Winterfold on the one side and Alderbrook Park on the other.

ARBITER.





## NEEDLEWORK CHAIR-COVERINGS AND TURKEY WORK

OF the needlework upon canvas for chair and settee coverings a surprising amount is still in existence dating from the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Such work was considered part of the duty of the womenfolk in country houses, and only the very advanced Cleora writes in the *Spectator* that the work is drudgery, fit only for the long-lived beings before the Flood, the imaginary Hilpas and Nilpas. The tall-backed stuffed settees of the walnut period gave the needleworker a wide canvas to work upon, but the design is usually of floral ornament, readily adapted to the curves of the back and cheeks. A few examples, however, have a medallion picture of ambitious character in *petit-point* following on a smaller scale the grand manner of the contemporary decorative painters, Verrio and Laguerre.

In a winged armchair in the Victoria and Albert Museum, dating from the early eighteenth century, the source of the designs is John Ogilby's "Vergil" (1658) a book rich in large plates, many of which are engraved by Lambert and by Wencelas Hollar after Francis Cleyn, the talented designer for the Mortlake factory. Following the plate facing page 166 in this edition, Æneas is represented on the seat holding his young son, Ascanius, by the hand and carrying the old Anchises (who holds in his bosom his household gods); Creusa is following, and in the distance are seen the flaming walls of Troy. Of the two subjects represented on the back, the lower (which is complete) consists of a banquet at a round table, with the chief personages, Dido and Æneas, seated under a canopy, while the "long-haired bard," Iopas, is seen with his harp at the lower end of the table. The upper subject has been cut, but the lower limbs of a richly dressed man, Æneas again, are visible watching building operations.

The plate (facing page 203) gives the clue to this fragment, which represents Æneas watching the walls of Dido's city, Carthage, rising, while Mercury descends with a warning against dalliance. This subject is also found on the top of the fine "lion" mahogany card-table at Penshurst, which dates from the middle years of the eighteenth century—a proof of the popularity of Ogilby's "Vergil"; and fragmentary figures, classic armour and temples appear on the inner side of the cheeks of the Victoria and Albert Museum chair and the front face of its squab, parts of other scenes from the great epic were attempted and ruthlessly sacrificed for upholstery purposes.

In some needlework chair coverings of finished design at Burley-on-the-Hill, the design of the double chair back settee and the accompanying chairs dating from about 1600, which are said with every probability to have been the work of Lady Nottingham and her daughters closely follows contemporary damasks, the repeat exactly filling the chair back. At Windsor, Celia Fiennes noticed, in a room hung with silk cross-stitch hangings, "the chairs cross-stitch and two stools, of yellow mohaire with cross stitch . . . an elbow chaire tent stitch." The pleasant colouring and the individuality of the design in English needlework is one of its attractions. It differs from French needlework, characteristically, in being less formal and less systematised in design. Sometimes the floral design is well composed, and it is probable that the needlewoman had recourse to designs such as Robert Furber's (1734), who displays "four hundred curious representations of the most beautiful flowers," very useful not only for the curious in gardening but likewise for ladies, as patterns for working and painting water colours. His plates consist of well drawn



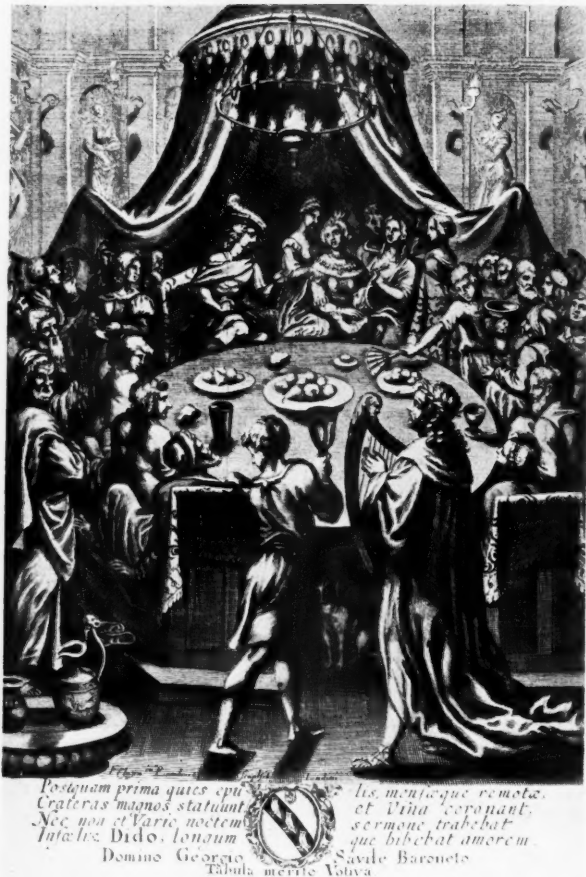
TWO VIEWS OF A FINE CHAIR IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. FRANK PARTRIDGE.

groups of flowers arranged in an ornamental vase, and this *motif* often occurs in chair coverings and panels for fire screens. In a winged walnut armchair, upholstered in *petit-point* (formerly in the possession of Colonel Mulliner), the surface is covered with a large variety of flowers, including the rose, carnation, tulip, fritillary, scilla, various orchids, poppy, convolvulus and nasturtium. The delicate shading of the flowers composing this design could only have been obtained by *petit-point* on fine canvas; but it is more usual to find *petit-point* employed only for panels and medallions, where exact definition was required, while the greater part of the covering is worked in *gros-point*. In a winged chair in the possession of Captain Colville, the floral design is, again, of high quality. Unlike samplers, chair-coverings are rarely dated, but there is a walnut armchair, worked in soft-coloured wools in which blue predominates, that is an exception. On the left-hand corner of the seat can be read the initials M. B., A. G. and the number 9 (which may, perhaps, refer to the number in the set), and the date 1737 follows. A winged armchair in the possession of Colonel Croft Lyons, dating from the second half of the eighteenth century, is covered with needlework somewhat earlier in date, one cushion bearing the date 1744. Though the fashion for open-backed chairs restricted the use of



ONE OF A SET OF CHAIRS AT COPPED HALL. CIRCA 1725.  
*PETIT-POINT.*

needlework, a number of chairs with stuffed backs continued to be made, but there is no attempt under the Georges at the ambitious mythological figure subjects of the last years of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. Flowers, pastoral scenes and subjects from Æsop's Fables are met with as *petit-point* centres, and an interesting experiment in copying a textile pattern is shown in a mahogany chair in the Victoria and Albert Museum (dating from about 1760), of which the back and seat are covered with cross-stitch needlework representing a large-patterned crimson damask. The variation in colour between the ground and pattern of the original damask is emphasised by this use of two shades of crimson, and the outline is stressed by a darker colour. During the greater portion of the eighteenth century women continued to work industriously, and Mrs. Delany's long life is full of details of her occupations. Embroidery played a very minor part on the covering of late eighteenth century furniture, for which silk, brocade and French tapestry were fashionable. The art of useful woolwork had declined, and ladies limited themselves to fine silk needlework on silk or satin grounds for screen panels and framed pictures, in which a popular stipple and line engraving often formed the centre.



A PLATE IN JOHN OGILBY'S "VERGIL" (1658)—

Turkey work, which was a favoured covering for seats, window cushions and cupboard cloths under the Tudors and Stuarts, was a direct imitation of Oriental pile carpets, but instead of carpet-weaving, wools were drawn through canvas to form a pile. Turkey work was in use early in the sixteenth



—REPRODUCED IN THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY WORK ON  
A CHAIR AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



century, and in an inventory (dated 1549) of the goods and furniture at the Manor of Cheseworth, board and foot carpets of this work (which is very durable) are described as "old and worn," and in Hall's picture of the Field of the Cloth of Gold in "The Triumphant Reign of King Henry VIII," "great cushyns of riche woorke of the Turkey makyne" are mentioned. The name, unfortunately, has suggested to early enquirers that Turkey work is of Asiatic origin and that "the covers for the seats and chairs were regularly made in the Orient for the European market in the 17th Century." Extant examples date from the seventeenth century, such as the oak chair in the Victoria and Albert Museum, with spirally twisted front legs and front stretcher, of which the low back and stuffed seat are covered with Turkey work bearing the date 1649 and the initials "S.G.C."

Upon the back the design of juxtaposed flowers artlessly disposed is well preserved. A recent addition to the same collection of a mid-seventeenth century chair, with an effective design upon back and seat of sprays of roses and bell-flowers on a white ground; while on the seat-rail the design changes to a repeat of roses. Floral designs were evidently much used, to judge by inventories such as that (taken in 1650) of the goods at Hampton Court after the death of the Lord Protector, which includes, "Fower back stooles of Turkey worke of flower potts."

Though no longer in keeping with the finished furniture of the early eighteenth century, the work still progressed in the provinces, and Vanbrugh, in his "Relapse," introduces a character who gives orders to "sett all the Turkey work chairs in their places."

M. JOURDAIN.

## EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES AND ENGLISH FURNITURE

THE Hood collection of Egyptian antiquities, which comes up for sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on November 11th, has been known by name for a long time, but very few of the objects have been examined by scholars since the date of the collection (between 1851 and 1861). Mr. W. Frankland Hood went to the Nile Valley at that time for his health, and when not on his dahabayah on the Nile, he stayed at Thebes, at Qurneh, where he had opportunities for gathering together valuable "finds," sold by the natives who were then plundering the necropolis. Most, therefore, of the objects come from Thebes, the ancient capital of Upper Egypt, which was at the height of its greatness under the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties. To this period—the eighteenth dynasty—belongs the fine portrait head in black granite of that remarkable woman, Queen Hatshepsut, in which a look of determined and eager concentration is well rendered. The queen, who wears the crown of Upper Egypt, had a long period of power, first in association with her father, then with her half-brother (and husband), and finally with her nephew, Thotmes III. After her husband's death she assumed the full regal power, and wears upon her monuments the aspect and garb of a king. On a faience slab is believed to be the only known representation of King Iuput, wearing a necklace, helmet, and tunic confined by an embroidered belt, and holding the ankh in his right hand. The rare and beautiful aragonite two-handled vase of Amen-hotep II, which is in good preservation was probably stolen from that king's tomb and hidden

somewhere at Thebes until it was discovered and sold to Mr. Frankland Hood. There are some finely cut amulets in the collection, and also some interesting personal relics, such as the amazing pair of basket-work sandals made from strips of the leaves of the date palm. These shoes, which are complete with their back and fore straps, have never been worn. They are at least a thousand years older than the "slippers of calfskin gilded and stitched," of which Sir Edwin Arnold fancied a contemporary slave girl suggesting to her mistress that:

"The feet will pass, but the shoes they have worn  
Two thousand years onward  
Time's road shall tread  
And still be footgear as good as new."

Many other well preserved personal objects are a large bone Kohl pot and a double draught-board in wood cased with bone. The upper side of the draught board is divided into bone squares, separated by battens of the same material, while the back is arranged for another game. The body of the board contains a drawer of bone secured by a bolt, to hold the pieces. One side of the Kohl pot is decorated with the formal papyrus, the reverse with a figure of Hathor robed as a priestess and holding in one hand the sun, in the other a lotus and a bunch of papyrus, while at her feet is the cow. The famous Hood papyrus, which has never been published in facsimile in its entirety, a document of Ptolemaic date, also forms parts of the collection; and another papyrus, believed to be quite new, which has never been entirely unrolled.

On the following Wednesday, November 12th, a collection of mezzotint portraits is to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby, among them the rare William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange, by Ludwig van Siegen after Hondthorst; and the "Juvenile Retirement" of the Hoppner children (first state), engraved by J. Ward after Hoppner. There are also some fine impressions of the "Burgomaster" and an officer of State after Rembrandt; and a remarkably good proof of Rembrandt's "Framemaker." The library of the late Mr. William Beattie of Glasgow, to be sold on November 10th and the two following days, has much to interest Scotchmen, as it includes a collection of works relating to Scottish life, history and literature. Among the collection is Mary Queen of Scots' own copy of Paschalius' memoir of her father-in-law, Henri II of France (1560) and a very fine copy of the Kilmarnock Burns (1786).

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson sold on October 31st, old English furniture, Chinese porcelain, old pewter, and Eastern rugs, the property of Mr. George Thomas of Carlton Hill, St. John's Wood. Among the furniture to be noted is a small walnut bureau (36ins. wide) with inlaid borders and fall-down front disclosing the customary secretaire fittings of cupboard, divisions and drawers; and a set of three single and one arm mahogany chairs in the "Chinese" style of the middle years of the eighteenth century. In these, the square legs are perforated and carved with rosettes and with open corner brackets, and the seats and backs are covered with old pink silk damask. Of the two late eighteenth century bookcases, one is of the winged type, enclosed

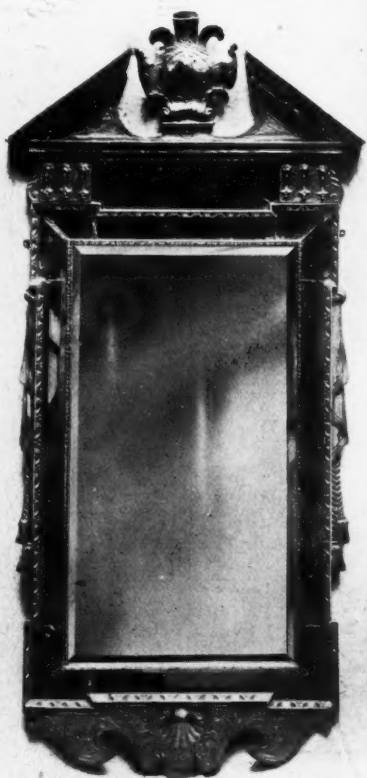


HEAD OF QUEEN HATSHEPSUT, IN BLACK GRANITE.

by two pairs of glass trellis doors with moulded cornice, the lower stage opening with a cupboard in the centre enclosed by panelled doors, while the wings on either side are fitted with drawers. The second is a secretaire bookcase, enclosed by a pair of glass trellis doors, having a shaped cornice with pierced fan panels finishing in carved rosettes. The fittings of the pull-out secretaire drawer are of satinwood and privet, while the folding doors of the cupboard of the lower stage are inlaid.

An Early Georgian gilt mirror of architectural design at Messrs. Stair and Andrews' is interesting from its use of slips of bevelled glass as enrichments, which is quite unusual at this period. The broken pediment encloses a cartouche carved with a scallop-shell and the outline of the gilt wood framing is broken by tasselled drapery at the sides. Within this framing is a border of glass, the joints of which were originally masked by slips of glass, the backing of patterned paper used behind the glass being still in places in position. Two French walnut armchairs with upholstered backs and seats (one of which was found in the north, the other in the west of England) form an almost identical pair; but while in the one case the walnut has been stripped, in the other the wood has been painted to represent mahogany. These chairs date from the middle years of the eighteenth century. Here is also one of those simple but well designed corner cupboards upon which the china in use for meals was set when not in use. It is enclosed by cupboard doors, the lower square, the upper treated with the arched panel head characteristic of the early eighteenth century. This piece is made of solid burr elm, not, as is customary when figured woods are used, veneered. At Messrs. Stair and Andrews' is also a secretaire bookcase from Broomfield Hall, of which the contents were dispersed last year. The upper stage, which is enclosed by cupboard doors on which a figured oval of wood is sunk, is surmounted by the characteristic scrolled and perforated pediment centring on a turned vase finial. The top drawer, disclosing the customary neat series of small drawers, lets down on a quadrant to form a desk.

J. DE SERRE.



AN UNUSUAL EARLY GEORGIAN GILT MIRROR.

# MUSICAL NOTES

## ON CHOOSING A PIANOFORTE.

THESE is probably no art, which is so satisfying as music, because it is so discreet; unobtrusive and shy. Although, when she is brought into the limelight she may forget herself under the stress of unexpected publicity, Music, like her sister Literature, is essentially an illusionist. The majority of the arts are expressed in concrete form and, though the emotions they stir up are equally incisive, yet the experience of them is one which can only be liable to repetition, even though that repetition is subject to minute variations in accordance with one's mood or temper. Music is wayward and capricious; you cannot tell what surprise she may have in store for you. For, though it is possible for some of us to sit in a chair and read scores as one reads a book, to the majority it is necessary that an interpreter should be provided. So that music becomes in a sense three-dimensional in point of space—for the performer interprets the composer to the audience and in this music has a common basis with drama—while it remains two-dimensional in point of time, a combination of the present as regards the performer with the past as regards the composer. And the sense of the unexpected is one of the features which make music such an essential of daily life. An art that can be summoned, when required, is infinitely more stimulating in its effect, far more necessary in its position, than the arts which can only be possessed in a concrete and permanent reality, which tends to produce a sense of emptiness owing to the continuity and similarity of one's personal reaction. Having accepted then the art of music as a force in domestic life, there remains a further consideration, the consideration of the instrument which is to supply the mechanical form for the interpreter to produce his effect. There can be no question that for ordinary life some form of keyboard instrument is the obvious choice of the ordinary mortal. For it is the only kind of instrument on which it is really possible for the average musician to produce a performance; to play a stringed instrument by itself is not the rôle of any but the most accomplished artists. On the grounds of general ability, then, a keyboard instrument is the most suitable; on similar grounds a pianoforte is preferable to a harpsichord or clavichord. For tastes differ and it is obvious that the old keyboard instruments are only adapted to specialised forms of music.

The pianoforte, then, we have concluded is an essential to a house. Let us consider some varying points in the selection of such an instrument. Primarily there is the consideration of size. This must be dependent upon the room in which you intend to place the instrument. If you have a very small room, you must be content with an upright piano, but, however large a house you have, unless you are going to have a special and very big music-room, the full concert grand is to be avoided. There is an insistence about the pitch of the concert grand which is unpleasant in a private house, and their forced brilliance tends to oust what, for want of a better phrase, one may term the singing quality of the ordinary grand. On the other hand the so-called baby grand does not seem to me to have many advantages over the upright, except in view of its shape. Now shape is a matter of great importance, for a pianoforte is also a piece of furniture and takes its place in the dressing of a room. One cannot hope to counteract the rather bulbous proportions so often found in the modern case by such designs as that by Sir Edwin Lutyens, here illustrated. It is in the body of the instrument that the designer often fails, as in his endeavour to gain a few inches of space he stultifies the elegance of the harp-shaped part of the piano and dwarfs its proportions. A small point that few piano makers pay attention to is the size of the folding back portion of the lid. Owing to the depth of the music rest this part is often excessively deep, with the result that on folding back without raising the lid on the strut, a very

sharp corner projects which is liable to be dangerous if there are small children in the house.

There remains what is probably the most important question of all, that of the tone. A piano in a private house will be required for various purposes: as a solo instrument, as an accompaniment to the voice, as an accompaniment to the strings. For these latter purposes it is essential that there should be a certain amount of sustaining power, especially when the pianoforte is being used to accompany a solo stringed instrument such as the violin; otherwise the pianist cannot hold his own in cantabile passages. The more brilliant-toned pianos cannot provide this quality and for a private house it seems to me essential that there should be present in the instrument the rich colour and variety that some of the softer-toned pianos possess. As regards this tone there is one other point that must be noted. It is widely known that the treble register on many pianos is liable to be overpowered by the bass, notwithstanding the fact that in all modern grand pianos each treble note is provided with three strings. This weakness has been adequately counteracted by one system, the system of Aliquot scaling introduced by Messrs. Blüthner and Co., into their grand pianos. By this system an extra string is added to each note in the treble, which is not struck by the hammer head, but which vibrates in sympathy with the note struck, by sounding the overtone. The blending of the two sounds produces a very greatly increased quality of tone, which goes far to remedy the lack of balance often found between the two registers. The main essentials, then, in choosing a piano are its size, its shape and its tone; as regards touch, the individual must please himself, but it may be remembered that a new piano is considerably harder in touch than one which has been in use for some period. ALIQUOT.

## SOME RECENT GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

IT is due to the noble genius of Sir Edward Elgar to mention first, in noting some of the best of recent gramophone records, the ambitious attempt made to reproduce "The Dream of Gerontius." "Gerontius" is now made available to the gramophone player on eight double-sided discs, in the Edison-Bell "Velvet Face" series. Mr. Joseph Batten is the conductor who has been in charge of the enterprise. The solo singers are Miss Edith Furnedje, Mr. Dan Jones and Mr. David Brazell, and these have had the most grateful part of the task. Much of the beautiful solo music comes out as well as anything the gramophone has tackled—notably Gerontius's "Sanctus, Fortis," and the "Angel's Farewell." The choral music presents special difficulties. The effect of the great piled-up masses of sound in which Elgar delights may not be what it is in an actual performance—yet it is adequate in a way. The musical ideas are there.

Another big enterprise is the recording of César Franck's fine Symphony in D minor, which Sir Henry Wood has conducted for the Columbia Company (four discs). The work is no doubt the finest symphony in all French music, and is by no means abstruse—its abundant tunes can find a place in the heart of every one. It is an excellent record.

So is that of Beethoven's C sharp minor String Quartet, played by the Leners ("Columbia"). Many people think that the string quartet is the most satisfactory form of gramophone music. Here is a masterpiece of Beethoven's last period, wonderfully played and admirably recorded. A record of Gustav Holst's brilliant piece of orientalism, the "Beni Mora" orchestral suite, is in the same list and also Holst's Four Medieval Songs for voice and violin—sung by Miss Dora Laffette and played by Mr. W. H. Reed.

The whole of Puccini's popular Japanese opera "Madame Butterfly," is issued on a set of fourteen discs of "His Master's Voice" Company. It is sung in English by Miss Rosina Buckman, as the loving and betrayed Cho-cho-san, Mr. Tudor Davies as the faithless Pinkerton, and Mr. Frederick Ranalow as the Consul. Dozens of times extracts from the opera have been made for the gramophone. Now here it all is. Mr. Eugene Goossens conducting.

A brilliant record of Liszt's brilliant E flat Piano Concerto is in the same list, with Arthur de Greef as soloist. Those who cannot hear the real Galli-Curci will find an adequate substitute in her disc of two excerpts from Massenet ("Gavotte" and "Sevillana"). MARCATO.



A GRAND PIANO DESIGNED BY SIR EDWIN LUTYENS.